





1-14-11 158 Chapman (George) Conspiracie and Tragedie of Charles Duke *Sotheloy*  
of Byron, Marshall of France, acted lately in two playes *May 23. 1856.*  
at the Black-Friers, FIRST EDITION, *fine copy*  
*Printed by G. Eld for Thomas Thorppe, 1608*

Accessions

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*Thomas Pennant Barton.*

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*Received. May. 1873.*

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CONSTITUTIONAL

REPUBLIC

OF THE UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA

ARTICLE I

SECTION 1

All legislative Powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.



**THE**  
**CONSPIRACIE,**  
And  
**TRAGEDIE**  
OF

**CHARLES Duke of BYRON,**  
**Marshall of France.**

Acted lately in two playes, at the  
Black-Friers.

*Written by* **GEORGE CHAPMAN.**

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Printed by G. Eld for *Thomas Thorp*pe, and are to be sold at  
the Tygers head in Paules Church-yard.

1608.



THE

CONSPIRACY

TRAGEDY

149.687

May 1873

CHARLES  
Mansell of France

Accompanied in two plays at the  
Blackfriars

in two plays at the

in two plays at the  
Blackfriars



To my Honorable and Constant  
friend, Sir *Tho: Walsingham*, Knight: and to my much  
*loued from his birth, the right toward and worthy*  
Gentleman his sonne *Thomas Walsingham*,  
Esquire.



I R, though I know, you euer stood  
little affected to these vnprofitable  
rites of Dedication; ( which disposi-  
tion in you, hath made me hetherto  
dispencc with your right in my o-  
ther impressions) yet, least the world  
may repute it a neglect in me, of so  
ancient and worthy a friend; ( hauing heard your ap-  
probation of these in their presentment ) I could not  
but prescribe them with your name; And that my  
affection may extend to your Posteritie, I haue enti-  
tled to it, herein, your hope and comfort in your ge-  
nerous sonne; whom I doubt not, that most reuerenc'd  
Mother of *Manly Sciences*; to whose instruction your  
vertuous care commits him; will so profitably initiate  
in her learned labours, that they will make him flourish  
in his riper life, ouer the idle liues of our ignorant  
Gentlemen; and enable him to supply the Honorable  
places, of your name; extending your yeares, and his  
right noble Mothers ( in the true comforts of his ver-  
tues) to the sight of much, and most happy Progenie;  
which most affectionately wishing; and diuiding these  
poore dismemberd Poems betwixt you, I desire to  
liue still in your gracefull loues; and euer,

*The most assured at your commandements*  
GEORGE CHAPMAN.



# Prologus.

When the unciuill, ciuill warres of France,  
Had pour'd upon the countries beaten brest,  
Her batterd Citties; prest her vnder hils  
Of slaughterd carcases; set her in the mouthes  
Of murderous breaches, and made pale Despaire,  
Leaue her to Ruine; through them all, Byron  
Stept to her rescue; tooke her by the hand:  
Pluckt her from vnder her unnaturall presse,  
And set her shining in the height of peace.  
And now new clensd, from dust, from sweat, and bloud,  
And dignified with title of a Duke;  
As when in wealthy Autumne, his bright starre  
(Washt in the losy Ocean) thence ariseth;  
Illustrates heauen, and all his other fires.  
Out-shines and darkens; so admir'd Byron,  
All France, exempted from comparison.  
He toucht heauen with his lance; nor yet was toucht  
With hellish treacherie: his countries loue,  
He yet thirsts: not the faire shades of himselfe:  
Of which empoisoned Spring; when pollicie drinkes,  
He bursts in growing great; and rising, sinckes:  
Which now behold in our Conspirator,  
And see in his revolt, how honors flood  
Ebbes into ayre, when men are Great, not Good.

ACTVS.



# BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

## ACTVS I. SCAENA I.

*Sauoy, Roncas, Rochette, Breton.*

*Sau.* I Would not for halfe *Sauoy*, but haue bound  
*France* to some fauour, by my personall presence  
 More than your selfe, (my Lord Ambassadour)  
 Could haue obtaind; for all Ambassadours  
 (You know) haue chiefly these instructions;  
 To note the State and chiefe sway of the Court,  
 To which they are employde; to penetrate  
 The heart, and marrow of the Kings designs,  
 And to obserue the countenances and spiritites,  
 Of such as are impatient of rest;  
 And wring beneath, some priuate discontent:  
 But, past all these, there are a number more  
 Of these State Criticisines: That our personall view  
 May profitably make, which cannot fall  
 Within the powres of our instruction,  
 To make you comprehend; I will doe more  
 With my meere shadow, than you with your persons.  
 All you can say against my comming heere,  
 Is that, which I confesse, may for the time,  
 Breede strange affections in my brother *Spaine*;  
 But when I shal haue time to make my Cannans,  
 The long-tong'd Heraulds of my hidden drifts,  
 Our reconcilment will be made with triumphs.

*Ros.* If not, your Highnesse hath small cause to care,  
 Hauing such worthy reason to complaine  
 Of *Spaines* colde friendship, and his lingring succours,  
 Who onely entertaines your griefes with hope,  
 To make your medicine desperate.

*Roch.* My Lord knowes  
 The Spanish glosse too well; his forme, stufte lasting,  
 And the most dangerous con ditions,  
 He layes on them with whome he is in league.  
 Th'iniustice in the most vnequall dowre,



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Giuen with th' *Infanta*, whome my Lord espousde,  
Compar'd with that her elder sifter had,  
May tell him how much *Spaines* loue weighs to him;  
When of so many Globes and Scepters held  
By the great King, he onely would bestow  
A portion but of six score thousand Crownes  
In yeerely pension, with his highnesse wife,  
When the *Infanta* wedded by the Archduke  
Had the Franch County, and lowe Prouinces.

*Bret.* We should not set these passages of Splene  
Twixt *Spaine* and *Sauoy*; to the weaker part,  
More good by suffiance growes, than deedes of heart,  
The nearer Princes are, the further off  
In rites of friendship; my aduice had neuer  
Consented to this voyage of my Lord,  
In which he doth endaunger *Spaines* whole losse,  
For hope of some poore fragment heere in *Fraunce*.

*Sau.* My hope in *France* you know not, though my counsel,  
And for my losse of *Spaine*, it is agreede,  
That I should sleight it, oft-times Princes rules  
Are like the Chymicall Philosophers;  
Leaue me then to mine owne proiection,  
In this our thrifrie Alchymie of state,  
Yet helpe me thus farre, you that haue beene heere  
Our Lord Ambassadour; and, in short informe mee,  
What Spirites here are fit for our designs.

*Ron.* The new-created Duke *Byron* is fit,  
Were there no other reason for your presence,  
To make it worthie; for he is a man  
Of matchlesse valure, and was euer happy  
In all encounters, which were still made good,  
With an vnwearyed sence of any toyle,  
Hauing continewd fourteene dayes together  
Vpon his horse; his blood is not voluptuous,  
Nor much inclinde to women; his desires  
Are higher than his state, and his deserts  
Not much short of the most he can desire,  
If they be weigh'd with what *Fraunce* fecles by them.



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

He is past measure glorious : And that humour  
Is fit to feede his Spirites, whome it possesseth  
With faith in any enour; chiefly where  
Men blowe it vp, with praise of his perfections,  
The taste whereof in him so soothes his pallate,  
And takes vp all his appetite that oft times  
He will refuse his meate, and companie  
To feast alone with their most strong conceit;  
Ambition also, cheeke by cheeke doth march  
With that excesse of glory, both sustained  
With an vnlimited fancie, That the King,  
Nor *France* it selfe, without him can subsist.

*San.* He is the man (my Lord) I come to winne;  
And that supream intention of my preience  
Saw neuer light till now, which yet I feare,  
The politike king, suspecting, is the cause  
That he hath sent him so farre from my reach,  
And made him chiefe in the Commission,  
Of his ambassage to my brother Arch-duke,  
With whome he is now; and (as I am tolde)  
So entertained and fitted in his humour,  
That ere I part, I hope he will returne  
Prepar'd, and made the more fit for the phisicke  
That I intend to minister.

*Ron.* My Lord,  
There is another discontented Spirite  
Now heere in Court, that for his braine, and aptnes  
To any course that may recouer him  
In his declined and litigious state,  
Will serue *Byron*, as he were made for him,  
In giuing vent to his ambitious vaine,  
And that is, *De Laffin*.

*San.* You tell me true,  
And him I thinke you haue prepar'd for me.

*Ron.* I haue my Lord, and doubt not he will prooue,  
Of the yet raintlesse fortresse of *Byron*,  
A quicke Expugner, and a strong Abider.

*San.* Perhappes the battry will be brought before him,



# BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

In this ambassage, for I am assur'd  
They set high price of him, and are inform'd  
Of all the passages, and means for mines  
That may be thought on, to his taking in:

*Enter Henry and Laffin.*

The King comes, and *Laffin*: the Kings aspect  
Folded in cloudes.

*Hen.* I will not haue my traine,  
Made a retreite for Bankroutes, nor my Court,  
A hyue for Droanes: prowde Beggars, and true Thieues,  
That with a forced truth they sweare to me,  
Robbe my poore subiects, shall giue vp their Arts,  
And hencefoorth learne to liue by their desarts;  
Though I am growne, by right of Birth and Armes  
Into a greater kingdome, I will spreade  
With no more shade, then may admit that kingdome  
Her proper, naturall, and woonted fruites,  
*Nauarre* shall be *Nauarre*, and *France* still *France*:  
If one may be the better for the other  
By mutuall rites, so, neither shall be worse.  
Thou arte in lawe, in quarrells, and in debt,  
Which thou wouldst quit with countnaunce; Borrowing  
With thee is purchase, and thou seekst by me  
(In my supportance) now our olde warres cease  
To wage worse battells, with the armes of Peace.

*Laf.* Peace must not make men Cowherds, nor keepe calme  
Her pursie regiment with mens smotherd breaths;  
I must confesse my fortunes are decline,  
But neither my deseruings, nor my minde:  
I seeke but to sustaine the right I found,  
When I was rich, in keeping what is left,  
And making good my honour as at best,  
Though it be hard; mans right to euery thing  
Wanes with his wealth, wealth is his surest King;  
Yet Iustice should be still indifferent.  
The ouerplus of Kings, in all their might,  
Is but to peece out the defects of right:  
And this I sue for, nor shall frownes and taunts

(The



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

(The common Scarre-crowes of all poore mens suites)  
Nor mis-construction that doth colour still  
Licentiate Iustice, punishing good for ill,  
Keepe my free throate from knocking at the Skie,  
If thunder chid mee for my equitie.

*Her.* Thy equity, is to be euer banisht  
From Court, and all societie of noblesse,  
Amongst whome thou throwst balls of all dissention;  
Thou arte at peace with nothing but with warre,  
Hast no heart but to hurt, and eatst thy heart,  
If it but thinke of doing any good:  
Thou witchest with thy smiles, suckst bloud with praises,  
Mock'st al humanitie; society poisonst;  
Coosinst with vertue; with religion  
Betrayst, and massacrest; so vile thy selfe,  
That thou suspectst perfection in others:  
A man must thinke of all the villanies  
He knowes in all men, to descipher thee,  
That art the centre to impietie:  
Away, and tempt me not.

*Laf.* But you tempt me,  
To what, thou Sunne be iudge, and make him see. *Exit.*

*Sau.* Now by my dearest Marquisate of Salusses,  
Your Maiestie hath with the greatest life  
Describ'd a wicked man; or rather thrust  
Your arme downe through him to his very feete,  
And pluckt his inside out, that euer yet,  
Mine eares did witnesse; or turnd eares to Eies;  
And those strange Characters, writ in his face,  
which' at first sight, were hard for me to reade,  
The Doctrine of your speech, hath made so plaine,  
That I run through them like my naturall language:  
Nor do I like that mans Aspect, me thinkes,  
Of all lookes where the Beames of Starres haue caru'd  
Their powrefull influences; And (O rare)  
What an heroicke, more than royall Spirite  
Bewraide you in your first speech, that defies  
Protection of vile droanes, that eate the honny



# BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Swette from laborious vertue, and denies  
 To giue those of *Nauarre*, though bred with you,  
 The benefices and dignities of *Fraunce*.  
 When little Riuers by their greedy currants,  
 (Farre faire extended from their mother Springs)  
 Drinke vp the forraine brookes still as they runne,  
 And force their greatnesse, when they come to Sea,  
 And iustle with the Ocean for a roome,  
 O how he roares, and takes them in his mouth,  
 Digesting them so to his proper streames,  
 That they are no more seene, hee nothing raise  
 Aboue his vsuall bounds, yet they deuour d,  
 That of themselues were pleasant, goodly fouds.

*Hen.* I would doe best for both, yet shall not be secure,  
 Till in some absolute heires my Crowne be settled,  
 There is so little now betwixt Aspirers  
 And their great obiekt in my onely selfe,  
 That all the strength they gather vnder me,  
 Tempts combate with mine owne: I therefore make  
 Meanes for some issue by my marriage,  
 Which with the great Dukes neece is now concluded,  
 And she is comming; I haue trust in heauen  
 I am not yet so olde, but I may spring,  
 And then I hope all traitrous hopes will fade.

*Sau.* Else may their whole estates flie, rooted vp  
 To Ignominie and Obliuion:  
 And (being your neighbor seruant, and poore kinsman)  
 I wish your mighty Race might multiply,  
 Euen to the Period of all Emperie.

*Hen.* Thanks to my princely coozen this your loue  
 And honour shewne me in your personall presence,  
 I wish to welcome to your full content:  
 The peace I now make with your brother Archduke,  
 By Duke *Byron* our Lord Ambassadour,  
 I wish may happily extend to you,  
 And that at his returne we may conclude it.

*Sau.* It shall be to my heart the happiest day  
 Of all my life, and that life all employd,



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

To celebrate the honour of that day. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Roiseau.*

*Rois.* The wondrous honour doone our Duke *Byron*  
In his Ambassage heere, in th' Archdukes Court,  
I feare will taint his loyaltie to our King,  
I will obserue how they obserue his humour,  
And glorifie his valure; and how he  
Accepts and stands attractiue to their ends,  
That so I may not seeme an idle spot  
In traine of this ambassage, but returne  
Able to giue our King some note of all,  
Worth my attendance; And see, heere's the man,  
Who (though a French man, and in *Orleance* borne  
Serving the Arch-duke) I doe most suspect,  
Is set to be the tempter of our Duke;  
He goe where I may see, although not heare.

*Enter Picoté, with two other spreading a Carpes.*

*Pic.* Spreade heere this historie of *Cateline*,  
That Earth may seeme to bring forth Roman Spiritess;  
Euen to his Geniall secte; and her darke breast  
Be made the cleare Glasse of his shining Graces,  
Weele make his secte so tender, they shall gall  
In all paths but to Empire; and therein  
He make the sweete Steppes of his State beginne. *Ex<sup>h</sup>.*

*Lowde Musique, and enter Byron.*

*Byr.* What place is this? what ayre? what rhegion?  
In which a man may heare the harmony  
Of all things moouing? *Hymen* marries heere,  
Their ends and vses, and makes me his Temple,  
Hath any man beene blessed, and yet liu'd?  
The bloud turnes in my veines, I stand on change,  
And shall dissolue in changing; tis so full  
Of pleasure not to be contrainde in flesh:  
To feare a violent Good, abuseth Goodnes,



# BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Tis Immortallitie to die aspiring,  
 As if a man were taken quicke to heauen;  
 What will not holde Perfection, let it burst;  
 What force hath any Cannan, not being chargde,  
 Or being not dischargde? To haue stufte and forme,  
 And to lie idle, fearefull, and vnus'd,  
 Nor forme, nor stufte shewes; happy *Semele*  
 That died comprest with Glorie: Happinesse  
 Denies comparison, of lesse, or more,  
 And not at most, is nothing: like the shaft  
 Shot at the Sunne, by angry *Hercules*,  
 And into shiuers by the thunder broken  
 Will I be if I burst: And in my heart  
 This shall be written: yet twas high and right.

*Musique againe.*

Heere too? they follow all my steppes with Musique,  
 As if my fcete were numerous, and trode sounds  
 Out of the Center, with *Apollaes* vertue,  
 That out of euery thing his ech-part toucht,  
 Strooke muscally accents: wheresoe're I goe,  
 They hide the earth from me with couerings rich,  
 To make me thinke that I am heere in heauen.

*Enter Picote in haste.*

*Pic.* This way, your Highnesse.

*Byr.* Come they?

*Pic.* I my Lord,

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the other Commissioners of Fraunce; Belieure, Brulart,  
 Aumall, Orenge.*

*Bel.* My Lord & *Aumall*, I am exceeding sorie,  
 That your owne obstinacie to hold out,  
 Your mortall enmitie against the King,  
 When Duke *du Maine*, and all the faction yeelded,  
 Should force his wrath to vse the rites of treason,  
 Vpon the members of your sencelesse Statue,  
 Your Name and House, when he had lost your person,  
 Your loue and duety.

*Brn.* That which men enforce



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

By their owne wilfulnesse; they must endure  
With willing patience, and without complaint.

*D'Ann.* I vse not much impatience nor complaint,  
Though it offends me much, to haue my name  
So blotted with addition of a Traitor.

And my whole memory, (with such despight,  
Markt and begun to be so rooted out.)

*Brn.* It was despight that held you out so long,  
Whose penance in the King was needfull iustice.

*Bel.* Come let vs seeke our Duke, and take our leaues  
Of th' Archdukes grace. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Byron and Pycotè.*

*Byr.* Here may we safely breathe?

*Py.* No doubt (my Lord) no stranger knowes this way;  
Onely the Arch-duke, and your friend Count *Mansfield*,  
Perhaps may make their generall scapes to you,  
To vtter some part of their priuate loues,  
Ere your departure.

*Byr.* Then, I well perceiue  
To what th'intention of his highnesse tends;  
For whose, and others here, most worthy Lords,  
I will become (with all my worth) their seruant,  
In any office, but disloyaltie;  
But that hath euer showd so fowle a monster  
To all my Ancestors, and my former life,  
That now to entertaine it; I must wholly  
Giue vp my habite, in his contrary,  
And strue to growe out of priuation.

*Py.* My Lord, to weare your loyall habite still,  
When it is out of fashion; and hath done  
Seruice enough; were rusticke miserie:  
The habite of a seruile loyaltie,  
Is reckond now amongst priuations,  
With blindnesse, dumbnesse, deafnesse, scilence, death,  
All which are neither natures by themselues  
Nor substances, but mere decayes of forme,



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

And absolute decessions of nature,  
And so, 'tis nothing, what shall you then losse?  
Your highnesse hath a habite in perfection,  
And in desert of highest dignities,  
Which carue your selfe, and be your owne rewarder;  
No true powre doth admit priuation,  
Aduerse to him; or suffers any fellow  
Ioynde in his subiect; you, superiors;  
It is the nature of things absolute,  
One to destroy another; be your Highnesse,  
Like those steepe hils that will admit no clouds,  
No deawes, nor lest fumes bound about their browes;  
Because their tops pierce into purest ayre,  
Expert of humor; or like ayre it selfe  
That quickly changeth; and receiues the sunne  
Soone as he riseth; euery where dispersing  
His royall splendor; guirds it in his beames,  
And makes it selfe the body of the light;  
Hote, shining, swift, light, and aspiring things,  
Are of immortall, and celestiall nature;  
Colde, darke, dull, heauie of infernall fortunes,  
And neuer aime at any happinesse:  
Your excellencie knowes; that simple loyaltie,  
Faith, loue, sinceritie, are but words, no things;  
Meerely deuise for forme; and at the Legate,  
Sent from his Holinesse, to frame a peace  
Twixt *Spaine* and *Sauoy*; labour'd feruently,  
(For common ends, not for the Dukes perticular)  
To haue him signe it; he againe endeouours  
(Not for the Legates paines, but his owne pleasure)  
To gratifie him; and being at last encountred;  
Where the flood *Tesyn* enters into *Po*,  
They made a kinde contention, which of them  
Should enter th'others boate; one thrust the other:  
One legge was ouer, and another in:  
And with a fierie courtesie, at last  
*Sauoy* leapes out, into the Legates armes,  
And here ends all his loue, and th'others labour;



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

So shall these termes, and impositions  
Exprest before, hold nothing in themselves  
Really good ; but flourishes of forme:  
And further then they make to priuate ends  
None wise, or free, their propper vse intends.

*Byr.* O 'tis a dangerous, and a dreadfull thing  
To steale prey from a Lyon ; or to hide  
A head distrustfull, in his opened iawes ;  
To trust our bloud, in others veines ; and hang  
Twixt heauen and earth, in vapors of their breaths :  
To leaue a sure pace on continuate earth,  
And force a gate in iumps, from towre to towre,  
As they doe that aspire, from height to height ;  
The bounds of loyaltie are made of glasse,  
Soone broke, but can in no date be repaïrd ;  
And as the Duke *D' Aumall*, (now here in Court)  
Flying his countrey ; had his Statue torne  
Peece-meale with horses ; all his goods confiscate,  
His Armes of honor, kickt about the streetes,  
His goodly house at *Annet* rac'd toth' earth.  
And (for a strange reproche of his foule treason)  
His trees about it, cut off by their wastes ;  
So, when men flie the naturall clime of truth,  
And turne them-selues loose, out of all the bounds  
Of Iustice, and the straight-way to their ends ;  
Forfaking all the sure force in themselves  
To seeke, without them, that which is not theirs,  
The formes of all their comforts are distracted ;  
The riches of their freedoms forfeited ;  
Their humaine noblesse sham'd ; the Mansions  
Of their colde spirits, eaten downe with Cares ;  
And all their ornaments, of wit, and valure,  
Learning, and iudgement, cut from all their fruites.

*Alb.* O, here were now the richest prize in *Europe*,  
Were he but taken in affection,  
Would we might growe together, and be twins  
Of eithers fortune ; or that, still embrac't  
I were, but Ring to such a pretious stone :



# BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

*Byr.* Your highnesse honors, and high bountie shewne me,  
Haue wonne from me, my voluntary powre;  
And I must now mooue by your eminent will;  
To what particular obiects; if I know  
By this mans intercession, he shall bring;  
My vttermoſt anſwere, and performe betwixt vs,  
Reciprocall, and full intelligence.

*Alber.* Euen for your owne deſerued roiall good,  
Tis ioyfully accepted, vſe the loues  
And worthy admirations of your friends,  
That beget vowes of all things you can wiſh,  
And be what I wiſh: danger ſaies, no more. *Exit.*

*Enter Mansfield at another dore. Exit Picoté.*

*Mansf.* Your highnesſe makes the light of this Court ſtoope,  
With your ſo neere departure, I was forc't  
To tender to your excellencie, in brieſe,  
This priuate wiſh, in taking of my leaue;  
That in ſome army Roiall, old Cont *Mansfield*,  
Might be commanded by your matchles valor,  
To the ſupreamest point of victorie:  
Who vowes for that renowne all praier, and ſeruiſe:  
No more, leaſt I may wrong you. *Exit Mansf.*

*Byr.* Thanke your Lordſhip.

*Enter D<sup>r</sup>. Aumail and Oreng.*

*D' Au.* All maieſtic be added to your highneſſe,  
Of which, I would not wiſh your beſt to beare  
More modeſt apprehenſion: then may tread,  
The high gate of your ſpirit; and be knowne  
To be a fit Bound for your Boundleſſe valor;

*Or.* So *Oreng* wiſheth, and to the deſarts  
Of your great actions, their moſt roiall Crowne.

*Enter Picoté.*

*Pic.* Away my Lord, the Lords enquire for you. *Exit Bir:*

*Manet Oreng, D<sup>r</sup> Aum. Roifeau.*

*Ore.* Would we might winne his valor to our part.

*D' Au.*



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

*D' Au.* Tis well prepar'd in his entreaty here;  
With all states highest obseruations:  
And to their forme, and words, are added gifts,  
He was presented with two goodly horses,  
One of which two, was the braue Beast *Pastrana*:  
With plate of gold, and a much prized iewell;  
Girdle and hangers, set with welthy stones:  
All which were vallew'd, at ten thousand crownes;  
The other Lords had suites of tapistry,  
And chaines of gold, and euery gentleman  
A paire of Spanish Gloues, and Rapire blades:  
And here ends their entreaty; which I hope  
Is the beginning of more good to vs,  
Then twenty thousand times their giftes to them.

*Enter Alber: Byr: Beli. Mans: Roiseau: with others.*

*Alber.* My Lord, I grieue that all the setting forth,  
Of our best welcome, made you more retired:  
Your chamber hath beene more lou'd then our honors;  
And therefore we are glad your time of parting  
Is come to set you in the ayre you loue:  
Commend my seruice to his Maiesty,  
And tell him that this daie of peace with him  
Ile hold, as holie. All your paines my Lords  
I shalbe alwaies glad to gratefie  
With any loue and honour, your owne hearts  
Shall do me grace to wish exprest to you.

*Ruis.* Here hath beene strange demeaneure, which shall flie,  
To the great author of this Ambassy.

FINIS ACTUS II.

ACT. 2. SCE. 1.

*Sauoy, Laffin, Roncas, Rochette,*

*Briton.*

*Sauoy.* Admit no entry, I will speake with none,



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Good signior *de Lassin*, your worth shall finde,  
That I will make a iewell for my cabinet,  
Of that the King (in fursct of his store)  
Hath cast out, as the sweepings of his hall;  
I told him, hauing threatned you away,  
That I did wonder, this small time of peace,  
Could make him cast his armor so securely  
In such as you, and as twere set the head  
Of one so great in counsailes, on his foote,  
And pitch him from him with such guardlike strength.

*Lassi*. He may perhaps finde he hath pitcht away,  
The Axeltree that kept him on his wheelles.

*Sau*. I told him so, I sweare, in other termes  
And not with too much note of our close loues  
Least so he might haue smokt our practises.

*Lassi*. To chuse his time, and spit his poison on me,  
Through th'cares, and eies of strangers.

*Sau*. So I told him  
And more then that, which now I will not tell you:  
It rests now then, Noble, and worthy friend,  
That to our friendship, we draw Duke *Byron*,  
To whose attraction there is no such chaine,  
As you can fordge, and shake out of your braine.

*Lassi*. I haue deuise the fashion and the weight;  
To valures hard to draw, we vse retreates;  
And, to pull shaftes home, (with a good bow-arme)  
We thrust hard from vs: since he came from Flanders  
He heard how I was threatned with the King,  
And hath beene much inquisitiue to know  
The truth of all, and seekes to speake with me;  
The meanes he vsde, I answerd doubtfully;  
And with an intimation that I shund him,  
Which will (I know) put more spur to his charge;  
And if his haughty stomacke be preparte,  
With will to any act: for the aspiring  
Of his ambitious aimes, I make no doubt  
But I shall worke him to your highnesse wish.

*Sau*. But vndertake it, and I rest assur'd:

You



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

You are reported to haue skill in Magick,  
And the euent of things, at which they reach  
That are in nature apt to ouerreach:  
Whom the whole circkle of the present time,  
In present pleasures, fortunes, knowledges,  
Cannot containe : those men (as broken loose  
From humane limmits) in all violent ends  
Would faine aspire the faculties of fiends,  
And in such ayre breathe his vnbounded spirits,  
Which therefore well will fit such coniurations;  
Attempt him then by flying ; close with him,  
And bring him home to vs, and take my dukedome.

*Laf.* My best in that, and all things, vowes your seruice.

*San.* Thanks to my deare friend; and the French *Vlisses*.

*Exit Sanoy.*

*Enter Byron.*

*Byr.* Here is the man ; my honord friend, *Laffin*?  
Alone, and heauy countinanc't ? on what termes  
Stood th' insultation of the King vpon you?

*Laffi* Why do you aske?

*Byr.* Since I would know the truth.

*Laf.* And when you know it ; what?

*Byr.* Ile iudge betwixt you,  
And (as I may) make euen th' excessse of either.

*Laf.* Ah las my Lord, not all your loyaltie,  
Which is in you, more then hereditary,  
Nor all your valure (which is more then humane)  
Can do the seruice you may hope on me  
In sounding my displeasde integrity;  
Stand for the King, as much in policie  
As you haue stird for him in deeds of armes,  
And make your selfe his glorie, and your countries  
Till you bee suckt as drie, and wrought as leane,  
As my fleade carcase: you shall neuer close  
With me, as you imagine.

*Byr.* You much wrong me, I know not how  
To thinke me an intelligencing Lord.

*Laf.*



# BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

*Laff.* I know not how your so affected zeale,  
To bereputed a true harted subiect,  
May stretch or turne you ; I am desperate ;  
If I offend you, I am in your powre :  
I care not how I tempt your conquering furie,  
I am predestin'd to too base an end,  
To haue the honor of your wrath destroy me ;  
And be a worthy obiect for your sword :  
I lay my hand, and head too at your feete,  
As I haue euer, here I hold it still,  
End me directly, doe not goe about.

*Byr.* How strange is this ? the shame of his disgrace  
Hath made him lunatique.

*Laff.* Since the King hath wrong'd me  
He thinkes Ile hurt my selfe ; no, no, my Lord :  
I know that all the Kings in Christendome,  
( If they should ioyne in my reuenge ) would proue  
Weake foes to him ; still hauing you to friend :  
If you were gone ( I care not if you tell him )  
I might be tempted then to right my selfe. *Exit.*

*Byr.* He has a will to me, and dares not shew it,  
His state decai'd, and he disgrac'd ; distracts him.

*Re-ent' Laffin.*

*Laff.* Change not my words my Lord, I onely said  
I might be tempted then to right my selfe :  
Temptation to treason, is no treason ;  
And that word ( tempted ) was conditionall too,  
If you were gone, I pray informe the truth. *Exitur.*

*Byr.* Stay iniur'd man, and know I am your friend,  
Farre from these base, and mercenarie reaches,  
I am I sweare to you.

*Laff.* You may be so ;  
And yet youle giue me leaue to be *Laffin*,  
A pocre and expuate humor of the Court :  
But what good bloud came out with me ; what yeines  
And sinews of the Triumphs, now it makes ;  
I list not vante ; yet will I now confesse,  
And dare assume it ; I haue powre to adde

To



To all his greatnesse; and make yet more fixt  
 His bould securitie; Tell him this my Lord;  
 And this (if all the spirits of earth and aire,  
 Be able to enforce) I can make good:  
 If knowledge of the sure euent of things,  
 Euen from the rise of subiects into Kings:  
 And falles of Kings to subiects, hold a powre  
 Of strength to worke it; I can make it good;  
 And tell him this to; if in midst of winter  
 To make black Groues grow greene; to still the thunder;  
 And cast out able flashes from mine eies,  
 To beate the lightning back into the skies,  
 Proue powre to do it, I can make it good;  
 And tell him this too; if to lift the Sea  
 Vp to the Starres, when all the Winde: are still;  
 And keepe it calme, when they are most enrag'd:  
 To make earths driest pallms, sweate humorous springs;  
 To make fixt rocks walke; and loose shadowes stand,  
 To make the dead speake. midnight see the Sunne,  
 Mid-daie turne mid-night; to dissolue all lawes  
 Of nature, and of order, argue powre  
 Able to worke all, I can make all good,  
 And all this tell the King.

Byr. Tis more then strange,  
 To see you stand thus at the rapiers point  
 With one so kinde, and sure a friend as I.

Laff. Who cannot friend himselfe, is foe to any,  
 And to be fear'd of all, and that is it,  
 Makes me so skornd, but make me what you can;  
 Neuer so wicked, and so full of feends,  
 I neuer yet, was traitor to my friends:  
 The lawes of friendship I haue euer held,  
 As my religion; and for other lawes;  
 He is a foole that keepes them with more care,  
 Then they keepe him, safe, rich, and popolare:  
 For riches, and for popolare respects  
 Take them amongst yee Minions, but for safety,  
 You shall not finde the least flaw in mine armes,



# BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

To pierce or taint me; what will great men be,  
To please the King, and beare authoritie. *Exit.*

*Byr.* How fit a tort were this to hanfell fortune?  
And I will winne it though I loose my selfe,  
Though he prooue harder then *Egyptian Marble*;  
He make him malliable, as th'*Ophyr* gold;  
I am put off from this dull shore of East,  
Into industrious, and high-going Seas;  
Where, like *Pelides* in *Scamanders* flood,  
Vp to the eares in surges, I will fight,  
And pluck French *Ilion* vnderneath the waues;  
If to be highest still, be to be best,  
All workes to that end are the worthiest:  
Truth is a golden Ball, cast in our way,  
To make vs stript by falsehood; And as *Spaine*  
When the hote scuffles of *Barbarian* armies,  
Smotherd the life of *Don Sebastian*,  
To guild the leaden rumor of his death,  
Gave for a slaughterd body (held for his)  
A hundred thousand crownes; causd all the state  
Of superstitious *Portugall*, to mourne  
And celebrate his solemne funerals;  
The Moores to conquest, thankfull feasts, preferre,  
And all made with the carcasse of a *Switzer*:  
So in the Giantlike, and politique warres  
Of barbarous greatnesse, raging still in peace,  
Shewes to aspire iust objects; are laide on  
With cost, with labour, and with forme enough,  
Which onely makes our best acts brooke the light,  
And their ends had, we thinke we haue their right,  
So wurst workes are made good, with good successe,  
And so for Kings, pay subiects carcases. *Exit.*

*Enter Henry, Roisieur.*

*Hen.* Was he so courted?

*Rois.* As a Cittie Dame,  
Brought by her iugalous husband, to the Court.



Some elder Courtiers entertaining him,  
 While others snatch, a fauour from his wife:  
 One starts from this doore; from that nooke another,  
 With gifts, and iunkets, and with printed phraſe,  
 Steale her employment, ſhifting place by place  
 Still as her husband comes: ſo Duke *Byron*  
 Was woode, and worſhipt in the Arch-dukes Court,  
 And as th'aſſiſtants that your Maieſtie,  
 Ioinde in Commiſſion with him, or my ſelfe,  
 Or any other doubted eye appear'd,  
 He euer vaniſht: and as ſuch a dame,  
 As we compar'd with him before, being wun  
 To breake faith to her husband, looſe her fame,  
 Staine both their progenies, and comming freſh  
 From vnderneath the burthen of her ſhame,  
 Viſits her husband with as chaſte a browe,  
 As temperate, and confirm'd behauiour,  
 As ſhe came quitted from confeſſion.  
 So from his ſcapes, would he preſent a preſence,  
 The practiſe of his ſtate adukerie,  
 And guilt that ſhould a gracefull boſome ſtrieke,  
 Drownde in the ſet lake, of a hopeleſſe checke.

*Hen.* It may be hee diſſembled, or ſuppoſe,  
 He be a little tainted: men whom vertue  
 Formes with the ſtuffe of fortune, great, and gracious,  
 Muſt needs pertake with fortune in her humor  
 Of inſtabilitie: and are like to ſhafts  
 Growne crookt with ſtanding, which to rectifie,  
 Muſt twice as much be bowd another way,  
 He that hath borne wounds for his worthy parts,  
 Muſt for his wuſt be borne with: we muſt fit  
 Our gouernment to men, as men to it:  
 In old time, they that hunted ſauadge beaſts,  
 Are ſaid to clothe themſelues in ſauage ſkinnes,  
 They that were Fowlers when they went on fowling,  
 Wore garments made with wings reſembling Fowles:  
 To Buls, we muſt not ſhew our ſelues in red,



# BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Nor to the warlick Elephant in white,  
 In all things gouern'd, their infirmities  
 Must not be stir'd, nor wrought on; Duke *Byron*  
 Flowes with adust, and melancholy choller,  
 And melancholy spirits are venomous:  
 Not to be toucht, but as they may be cur'd:  
 I therefore meane to make him change the ayre,  
 And send him further from those Spanish vapors,  
 That still beare fighting sulphure in their breasts,  
 To breath a while in temperate English ayre,  
 Where lips are spyc'd with free and loyall counsailes,  
 Where policies are not ruinous, but sauing;  
 Wisdome is simple, valure righteous,  
 Humaine, and hating facts of brutish forces  
 And whose graue natures, scorne the scoffes of *France*,  
 The empty complements of *Italy*,  
 The any-way encroching pride of *Spaine*,  
 And loue men modest, hartt iust and plaine.

*Sauoy, whispering with Laffin.*

*Sau.* Ile sound him for *Byron*; and what I finde,  
 In the Kings depth; ile draw vp, and informe,  
 In excitations to the Dukes reuolt,  
 When next I meete with him.

*Laff.* It must be done  
 With praising of the Duke; from whom the king  
 Will take to giue himselfe; which tolde the Duke,  
 Will take his heart vp into all ambition.

*Sau.* I know it (politick friend:) and tis my purpose, *Exit Laff.*  
 Your Maiestie hath mist a royall sight,  
 The Duke *Byron*, on his braue beast *Pastrana*,  
 Who sits him like a full-saild Argossea,  
 Danc'd with a lofty billow, and as snug  
 Plyes to his bearer, both their motions mixt;  
 And being considerd in their site together,  
 They do the best present the state of man,  
 In his first royaltie ruling; and of beasts  
 In their first loyaltie seruing; one commanding,  
 And no way being mou'd; the other seruing,

And



# BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

And no way being compeld ; of all the lights  
That euer my eyes witnest ; and they make  
A doctrinall and witty Hieroglyphick,  
Of a blest kingdome : to expresse and teach,  
Kings to command as they could serue, and subiects  
To serue as if they had powre to command.

*Hen.* You are a good old horseman I perceiue,  
And still out all the vse of that good part :  
Your wit is of the true *Pierean* spring,  
That can make any thing, of any thing.

*San.* So braue a subiect as the Duke, no king  
Seated on earth, can vante of but your Highnesse,  
So valiant, loyall, and so great in seruice,

*Hen.* No question he sets valour in his height,  
And hath done seruice to an equall pitche,  
Fortune attending him with fit euents,  
To all his ventrous and well-laid attempts.

*San.* Fortune? to him was *Inno*, to *Alcides*,  
For when, or where did she but open way,  
To any act of his? what stone tooke he  
With her helpe, or without his owne lost bloud?  
What fort wan he by her? or was not forc't?  
What victory but gainst odds? on what Commander  
Sleepy or negligent, did he euer charge?  
What Summer euer made she faire to him?  
What winter, not of one continued storme?  
Fortune is so farre from his Creditresse,  
That she owes him much ; for in him, her lookes  
Are louely, modest, and magnanimous,  
Constant, victorious, and in his Achieuments,  
Her cheekes are drawne out with a vertuous rednesse,  
Out of his eager spirit to victorie,  
And chaste contention to conuince with honor;  
And ( I haue heard ) his spirits haue flowd so high,  
In all his conflicts against any odds,  
That ( in his charge ) his lips haue bled with feruor:  
How seru'd he at your famous siege of *Dreux*?  
Where the enemye ( assur'd of victory )



# BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Drew out a bodie of feure thousand horse,  
 And twice fixe thousand foote, and like a Crescent,  
 Stood for the signall, you: (that shew'd your selfe  
 A sound old souldiar) thinking it not fit  
 To giue your enemy the ods, and honour  
 Of the first stroke, commanded *de la Guiche*,  
 To let fire all his cannans, that did pierse  
 The adu. rse thickest squadrons, and had shot  
 Nine volleies ere the foe had once giuen fire:  
 Your troope was charg'd, and when your dukes old father,  
 Met with th' assailants, and their Groue of Reiters  
 Repulst so fiercely, made them turne their beards  
 And rallie vp themselves behind their troopes;  
 Fresh forces seeing your troopes a little seuerd,  
 From that part first assaulted, gaue it charge,  
 Which then, this duke made good, seconds his father,  
 Beates through and through the enemies greatest strength,  
 And breakes the rest like Billowes gainst a rock,  
 And there the heart of that huge battaile broke.

*Hen.* The heart but now came on, in that stronge body,  
 Of twice two thousand horse, lead by *Du Maine*,  
 Which (if I would be glorious) I could say  
 I first encountred,

*San.* How did he take in,  
*Beaune* in view of that inuincible army  
 Lead by the Lord great Constable of Castile,  
*Autun*, and *Nuis*: in Burgundy chaff away,  
 Vicount *Tauannes* troopes before *Dijon*,  
 And puts himsele in, and there that was won.

*Hen.* If you would onely giue me leaue my Lord,  
 I would do right to him, yet must not giue.

*San.* A league from *Fontaine Francois*, when you sent him,  
 To make discouerie of the Castile army,  
 When he discern'd twas it (with wondrous wisdom  
 Ioinde to his spirit) he seem'd to make retreat,  
 But when they prest him, and the Barron of *Lux*,  
 Set on their charge so hotely, that his horse,  
 Was slaine, and he most dangerously engag'd,

Then



# BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Then turnd your braue duke head, and (with such ease  
As doth an Eccho beate backe violent founds,  
With their owne forces) he, (as if a wall  
Start sodainely before them) pasht them all  
Flat, as the earth, and there was that field wonne.

*Hen.* Y'are all the field wide.

*Sau.* O, I aske you pardon,  
The strength of that field yet laie in his backe,  
Vpon the foes part; and what is to come,  
Of this your Marshal, now your worthie Duke  
Is much beyond the rest: for now he fees  
A sort of horse troopes, issue from the woods,  
In number nere twelue hunderd: and retyring  
To tell you that the entire armie follow'd,  
Before he could relate it, he was forc't  
To turne head, and receiue the maine assault  
Of five horse troopes: onely with twenty horse:  
The first he met, he tumbled to the earth,  
And brake through all, not daunted with two wounds,  
One on his head, another on his brest,  
The blood of which, drown'd all the field in doubt:  
Your maiesly himsele was then engag'd,  
Your powre not yet arriv'd, and vp you brought  
The little strength you had: a cloud of foes,  
Ready to buist in stormes about your eares:  
Three squadrons rusht against you, and the first,  
You tooke so fiercely, that, you beate their thoughts  
Out of their bosoms, from the vrged fight:  
The second, all amazed you ouerthrew,  
The third disperst, with five and twenty horse  
Left of the fourescore that persude the chase:  
And this braue conquest, now your Marshall seconds  
Against two squadrons, but with fifty horse,  
One after other he defeats them both,  
And made them runne, like men whose heeles were tript,  
And pitch their heads, in their great generalls lap:  
And him he sets on, as he had beene shot  
Out of a Cannan: beates him into route,

And



# BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

And as a little brooke being ouerrunne  
With a black torrent; that beares all things downe,  
His furie ouertakes, his famy back,  
Loded with Cattaile, and with stackes of Corne,  
And makes the miserable Plowman mourne;  
So was *du Maine* surchardg'd, and so *Byron*  
Flow'd ouer all his forces; euery drop  
Of his lost bloud, bought with a worthy man;  
And, onely with a hundred Gentlemen  
He wonne the place, from fiftene hundred horse;

*Hen.* He won the place?

*San.* On my word, so tis sayd:

*Hen.* Fie you haue beene extreameely misinform'd.

*San.* I onely tell your highnesse what I heard,  
I was not there; and though I haue beene rude,  
With wonder of his vallor, and presum'd,  
To keepe his merit in his full carire,  
Not hearing you, when yours made such a thunder;  
Pardon my fault, since twas t' extoll your seruant;  
But, is it not most true, that twixt yee both,  
So few achu'd, the conquest of so many?

*Henr.* It is a truth, must make me euer thankfull,  
But not perform'd by him, was not I there?  
Commanded him, and in the maine assault,  
Made him but second?

*San.* Hee's the capitall souldier,  
That liues this day in holy Christendome,  
Except your highnesse, alwaies except *Plato*.

*Hen.* We must not giue to one, to take from many,  
For (not to praise our countymen) here seru'd,  
The Generall *My Lor. Norris*, sent from England:  
As great a captaine as the world affords:  
One fit to leade, and fight for Christendome;  
Of more experience; and of stronger braine;  
As valiant for abiding; In Command,  
On any sodaine; vpon any ground  
And in the forme of all occasions  
As ready, and as profitably, dauntles;

And,



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

And heare was then another; Collonell *Williams*,  
A worthy Captaine; and more like the Duke,  
Because he was lesse temperate then the Generall;  
And being familliar with the man you praise,  
(Because he knew him haughty and incapable,  
Of all comparifon) would compare with him,  
And hold his swelling valour to the marke,  
Iustice had set in him, and not his will:  
And as in open vessells filld with water,  
And on mens shoulders borne, they put treene cuppes,  
To keepe the wild and slippery element,  
From washing ouer: follow all his Swayes  
And tickle aptnes to exceed his bounds,  
And at the Brym containe him: so this knight,  
Swum in *Byron*, and held him, but to right.  
But leaue these hot comparifons, hee's mine owne,  
And then what I possesse, Ile more be knowne,

*Sam.* All this shall to the duke, I fist for this.

*Exeunt.*

*FINIS. Actus Secundi.*

### ACTVS 3. SCAENA 1.

*Enter La Fin, Byron following vnseene.*

*Laff.* A fained passion in his hearing now,  
(Which he thinkes I perceau not) making conscience;  
Of the reuolt that he hath vrdgd to me,  
Which now he meanes to prosecute would sound,  
How deepe he stands affected with that scruple.  
As when the Moone hath comforted the Night,  
And set the world in siluer of her light,  
The Planets, Asterisims and whole state of Heauen,  
In beames of gold descending; all the windes,  
Bound vp in caues, chargd not to driue abroad,  
Their cloudy heads; an vniuersall peace,  
Proclaind in scilence of the quiet earth.  
Soone as her hot and dry fumes are let loose,  
Stormes and cloudes mixing; sodainely put out.



# BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

The eyes of all those glories: The creation,  
 Turn'd into *Chaos*, and we then desire,  
 For all our ioye of life, the death of sleepe;  
 So when the glories of our liues, mens loues,  
 Cleere consciences, our fames, and loyalties,  
 That did vs worthy comfort, are eclips'd,  
 Griefe and disgrace inuade vs; and for all,  
 Our night of life besides, our Miserie craues,  
 Darke earth would ope and hide vs in our graues,

Byr. How Strange is this?

Laff. What? did your highnesse heare?

Byr. Both heard and wonderd, that your wit and spirit,  
 And profit in experience of the slaueries,  
 Impos'd on vs; in those mere politike termes,  
 Of loue, fame, loyalty, can be carried vp,  
 To such a height of ignorant conscience;  
 Of cowerdise, and dissolution,  
 In all the free-borne powers of royall man.  
 You that haue made way through all the guards,  
 Of Ielouse State; and seen on both your sides,  
 The pikes points chardging heauen to let you passe.  
 Will you, (in flying with a Scrupulouse wing,  
 Aboue those pikes to heauen-ward) fall on them?  
 This is like men, that (spirrited with wine,)  
 Passe dangerouse places safe; and die for feare,  
 With onely thought of them, being simply sober;  
 We must (in passing to our wished ends,  
 Through things call'd good and bad) be like the ayre,  
 That euenly interpos'd betwixt the seas,  
 And the oppos'd Element of fire;  
 At either toucheth, but pertakes with neither;  
 Is neither hot, nor cold, but with a sleight.  
 And harmelesse temper mixt of both th' exstreames;

Laff. Tis shrode.

Byr. There is no truth of any good  
 To be descern'd on earth: and by conuersion,  
 Nought therefore simply bad: But as the stuffe,  
 Prepar'd for *Arras* pictures, is no Picture,



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Till it be formd, and man hath cast the beames,  
Of his imaginouse fancie through it,  
In forming antient Kings and conquerors,  
As he conceiues they look't, and were attirde,  
Though they were nothing so: so all things here,  
Haue all their price set downe, from mens concepts,  
Which make all terms and actions, good, or bad,  
And are but pliant, and wel-coloured threads,  
Put into fained images of truth:  
To which, to yeeld, and kneele, as truth pure kings,  
That puld vs downe with cleere truth of their Ghospell,  
Were Superstition to be hilt to hell.

*Laff.* Beleue it, this is reason;

*Byr.* T'is the faith,  
Of reason and of wisdom.

*Laff.* You perswade,  
As if you could create: what man can shunne,  
The serches, and compressions of your graces.

*Byr.* We must haue these lures when we hawke for friends,  
And wind about them like a subtle Riuer,  
That (seeming onely to runne on his course)  
Doth serch yet, as he runnes; and still finds out,  
The easiest parts of entry on the shore;  
Glyding so slyly by, as scarce it toucht,  
Yet still eates some thing in it: so must those,  
That haue large fields, and currants to dispose.  
Come, let vs ioyue our streames, we must runne far.  
And haue but little time: The duke of Sauoy,  
Is shortly to be gone, and I must needes,  
Make you well knowne to him,

*Laff.* But hath your highnes,  
Some enterprise of value ioynd with him?

*Byr.* With him and greater persons?

*Laff.* I will creepe.  
Vpon my bosome in your Princely seruice,  
Vouch-safe to make me knowne. I heare there liues not,  
So kind, so bountyfull, and wise a Prince,  
But in your owne excepted excellence.



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

*Byr.* He shall both know, and loue you : are you mine?

*Laff.* I take the honor of it, on my knee,  
And hope to quite it with your Maiefty.

*Exit.*

*Enter Sauoy, Roncas, Rochet Breton.*

*Sau.* *La Fin*, is in the right ; and will obtaine;  
He draweth with his weight; and like a plummet  
That swaies a dore, with falling of, pulis after,

*Ron.* Thus will *Laffin* be brought a Stranger to you,  
By him he leads ; he conquers that is conquerd,  
Thats fought, as hard to winne, that sues to be wonne.

*Sau.* But is my Painter warnd to take his picture.  
When he shall see me, and present *Laffin*?

*Roch.* He is (my Lord) and (as your highnesse willd)  
All we will presse about him, and admire,  
The royall promise of his rare aspect,  
As if he heard not.

*Sau.* I will enflame him,  
Such trickes the Arch-duke vsd t' extoll his greatnes,  
Which complements though plaine men hold absurd,  
And a meere remedy for desire of Greatnesse.  
Yet great men vse them; as they eate Potatoes,  
High Coollises, and potions to excite  
The lust of their ambition : and this Duke;  
You know is noted in his naturall garb  
Extreamely glorious ; who will therefore bring  
An appetite expecting such a baite;  
He comes, go instantly, and fetch the Painter.

*Enter Byron, La Fin.*

*Byr.* All honor to your heighnesse,

*Sau.* Tis most true.

All honours flow to me, in you their Ocean;  
As welcome worthyest duke, as if my marquiseate,  
Were circl'd with you in these amorous armes;

*Byr.* I sorrow Sir I could not bring it with me,

That



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

That I might so supply the fruitelesse complement,  
Of onely visiting your excellence,  
With which the king now sends me t' entertaine you,  
Which notwithstanding doth confer this good,  
That it hath giuen me some small time to shew,  
My gratitude for the many secret bounties,  
I haue (by this your Lord Ambassador)  
Felt from your heighnesse and in short, t' assure you,  
That all my most deserts are at your seruice.

*San.* Had the king sent me by you halfe his kingdome,  
It were not halfe so welcom;

*Byr.* For defect.  
Of whatsoeuer in my selfe, (my Lord, )  
I here commend to your most Princely Service  
This honored friend of mine;

*San.* Your name I pray you Sir.

*Laff.* *Laffin*, my Lord.

*San.* *Laffin*? Is this the man,  
That you so recommended to my Loue?

*Ron.* The same my Lord,

*San.* Y'are next my Lord the duke,  
The most desired of all men. O my Lord,  
The King and I, haue had a mighty conflict,  
About your conflicts, and your matchles worth,  
In military vertues; which I put  
In Ballance with the continent of France,  
In all the peace and safety it enioyes.

And made euen weight with all he could put in  
Of all mens else; and of their owne deserts,

*Byr.* Of all mens else? would he weigh other mens,  
With my deseruings.

*San.* I vpon my life,  
The English Generall, the Mylor' *Norris*,  
That seru'd amongst you here, he paralleld  
With you, at all parts, and in some preferd him,  
And Collonell *Williams* (a Welch Collonell)  
He made a man, that at your most containd you:  
Which the Welch Herrald of their praise, the Cucko.



# BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Would scarce haue put, in his monology,  
 In iest, and said with reuerence to his merits,  
*Byr.* With reuerence? Reuerence skornes him : by the spoyle,  
 Of all her Merits in me, he shall rue it;  
 Did euer *Curtian* Gullffe play such a part?  
 Had *Curtius* beene so vsed, if he had brook't,  
 That rauenons whirlepoole, poud his solide spirrits,  
 Through earth dissolued sinews, stopt her veines,  
 And rose with saued Rome, vpon his backe,  
 As I swum pooles of fire, and Gulls of brasse,  
 To saue my country? thrust this venturous arme,  
 Beneath her ruines; tooke her on my necke,  
 And set her safe on her appeased shore?  
 And opes the king, a fouler bog then this,  
 In his so rotten bosome, to deuoure  
 Him that deuourd, what else had swallowed him  
 In a detraction, so with spight embrewed,  
 And drowne such good in such ingratitude?  
 My spirrit as yet, but stooping to his rest,  
 Shines hotly in him, as the Sunne in clowds,  
 Purpled, and made proud with a peacefull Euen:  
 But when I throughly set to him; his cheekes,  
 Will (like those clouds) forgoe their collour quite,  
 And his whole blaze, smoke into endles night,  
*San.* Nay nay, we must haue no such gall my Lord,  
 O'reflow our friendly liuers : my relation,  
 Onely deliuers my enflamed zeale  
 To your religious merits; which me thinkes,  
 Should make your highnes canoniz'd, a Saint.  
*Byr.* What had his armes beene, without my arme,  
 That with his motion, made the whole field moue?  
 And this held vp, we still had victory.  
 When ouer charg'd with number, his few friends,  
 Retir'd amazed, I set them on assur'd,  
 And what rude ruine seas'd on I confirmed;  
 When I left leading, all his army reeld,  
 One fell on other foule, and as the *Cyclop*  
 That hauing lost his eye, strooke euery way,

His



# BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

His blowes directed to no certaine scope;  
Or as the soule departed from the body,  
The body wants conerence in his parts,  
Can not consist, but seuer, and dissolue;  
So I remou'd once, all his armies shooke,  
Panted, and fainted, and were euer flying,  
Like wandring pulses sperst through bodies dying,

*Sau.* It cannot be denied, tis all so true,  
That what seemes arrogance, is desert in you,

*Byr.* What monstrous humors feed a Princes blood,  
Being bad to good men, and to bad men good?

*Sau.* Well let these contradictions passe (my lord,)  
Till they bereconcil'd, or put in forme,  
By power giuen to your will, and you present,  
The fashion of a perfect gouernment;  
In meane space but a word, we haue small time,  
To spend in priuate, which I wish may be  
With all aduantage taken; *Lord Laffin.*

*Ron.* Ist not a face of excellent presentment,  
Though not so amoureuse with pure white, and red,  
Yet is the whole proportion singular;

*Roch.* That euer I beheld,

*Bret* It hath good lines,  
And tracts drawne through it: The purple, rare,

*Ron.* I heard the famous and right learned Earle,  
And Archbishop of *Lions Peirse Pinac*,  
Who was reported to haue wondrous Iudgment  
In mens euent, and natures, by their lookes:  
(Vpon his death bed, visited by this duke)  
He told his sister, when his grace was gon,  
That he had neuer yet obserud a face,  
Of worse presage then this: and I will sweare,  
That (something seene in Physiognomy)  
I do not find in all the rules it giues  
One slenderest blemish tending to mishap,  
But (on the opposite part) as we may see,  
On trees late blossomed, when all frosts are past,  
How they are taken, and what will be fruit:



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

So, on this tree of Scepters, I discern  
How it is loden with apparances,  
Rules answering Rules ; and glances, crownd with glances ;  
*He snatches away the picture.*

*Byr.* What, does he take my picture ?

*Sau.* I my Lord.

*Byr.* Your Highnesse will excuse me ; I will giue you  
My likenesse put in Statue, not in picture ;  
And by a Statuary of mine owne,  
That can in Brasse expresse the witte of man,  
And in his forme, make all men see his vertues :  
Others that with much strictnesse imitate,  
The some-thing stooping carriage of my neck,  
The voluble, and milde radiance of mine eyes,  
Neuer obserue my Masculine aspect,  
And Lyon-like instinct, it shaddoweth :  
Which Enuie cannot say, is flatterie :  
And I will haue my Image promist you,  
Cut in such matter, it shall euer last ;  
Where it shall stand, fixt with eternall rootes,  
And with a most vnmooued grauitie ;  
For I will haue the famous mountaine *Oros*,  
That lookes out of the Dutchy where I gouerne,  
(Into your highnesse Dukedome) first made yours,  
And then with such inimitable art  
Exprest and handled ; chieflie from the place  
Where most conspicuously, he shewes his face,  
That though it keepe the true forme of that hill  
In all his longitudes, and latitudes,  
His height, his distances, and full proportion,  
Yet shall it cleerely beare my counterfaite,  
Both in my face and all my lineaments :  
And euery man shall say, this is *Byron*.  
Within my left hand, I will hold a Cittie,  
Which is the Cittie *Amiens* ; at whose siedge  
I seru'd somemorably ; from my right,  
He powre an endlesse flood, into a Sea  
Raging beneath me ; which shall intimate

My



My ceaselesse seruice, drunke vp by the King  
As th' Ocean drinkes vp riuers, and makes all  
Beare his proude title; *Iuory, Brasse and Goulde,*  
That theeues may purchase; and be bought and sould,  
Shall not be vsde about me; lasting worth  
Shall onely set the duke of *Byron* forth;

*San.* O that your statuary could expresse you,  
With any nerenesse to your owne instructions;  
That statue would I prise past all the iewells  
Within my cabinet of *Beatrice,*  
The memorie of my Grandame Portugall;  
Most roiall duke: we can not longe endure  
To be thus priuate, let vs then conclude,  
With this great resolution: that your wisdomes,  
Will not forget to cast a pleasing vaile  
Ouer your anger; that may hide each glance,  
Of any notice taken of your wronge,  
And shew your self the more obsequious.  
Tis but the virtue of a little patience,  
There are so oft attempts made gainst his person,  
That sometimes they may speede, for they are palnes  
That spring the more for cutting, and at last  
Will cast their wished shadow; marke ere long,

*Enter Nemours Soisson.*

See who comes here my Lord, as now no more,  
Now must we turne our streame another way;  
My Lord, I humbly thanke his maiesty,  
That he would grace my idle time spent here  
With entertainment of your princely person;  
VWhich, worthely, he keepes for his owne bosome.  
My Lord, the duke *Nemours?* and Count *Soisson?*  
Your honours haue beene bountifully done me  
In often visitation: let me pray you,  
To see some iewells now, and helpe my choice:  
In making vp a present for the King.

*Nem.* Your highnesse shall much grace vs.

*San.* I am doubtfull

That I haue much incens'd the duke *Byron.*



# BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

With praising the Kings worthinesse in armes  
So much past all men.

*Sois.* He deserues it, highly.

*Exit. manet Byr: Lassin.*

*Byr.* What wrongs are these, laid on me by the King,  
To equall others worths in warre, with mine;  
Endure this, and be turnd into his Moile  
To beare his sumptuous: honor friend be true,  
And we will turne these torrents, hence. *The King. Exit Lassin.*

*Enter Henry, Espe: Vitry, Ianin.*

*Hen.* Why suffer you that ill aboding vermine,  
To breede so neere your bosome? bee assurde,  
His hants are omenous, not the throtes of Rauens,  
Spent on infected house; houles of dogges,  
When no sound stirres, at mid-night; apparitions,  
And strokes of spirits, clad in black mens shapes:  
Or ougly womens: the aduerse decrees  
Of constellations, nor securitie,  
In vicious peace, are surer fatall vsuers  
Of semall mischiefes, and mortallities,  
Then this prodigious feend is, where he fawnes:  
*La fiend*, and not *Lassin*, he should be cald.

*Byr.* Be what he will, men in themselves entire,  
March safe with naked feete, on coles of fire:  
I build not outward, nor depend on proppes,  
Nor chuse my consort by the common care:  
Nor by the Moone-shine, in the grace of Kings:  
So rare are true deseruers, you'd or knowne,  
That men you'd vulgarely, are euer none:  
Nor men grac't seruilely, for being spots  
In Princes traines; though borne euen with their crownes;  
The Stalion powre hath such a beesome taile,  
That it sweepes all from iustice, and such filth  
He beares out in it, that men mere exempt,  
Are merely cleereft; men will shortly buie  
Friends from the prison or the pillorie,  
Rather then honors markets. I feare none,

But



But foule Ingratitude, and Detraction,  
In all the brood of villanie.

*Hen.* No? not treason?

Be circumspect, for to a credulous eye,  
He comes inuisible, vail'd with flatterie,  
And flaterers looke like friends, as Woolues, like Dogges.  
And as a glorious Poeme fronted well  
With many a goodly Herralde of his praise,  
So farre from hate of praises to his face,  
That he praies men to praise him, and they ride  
Before, with trumpets in their mouthes, proclayming  
Life to the holie furie of his lines:

All drawne, as if with one eye he had leerd,  
On his lou'd hand, and led it by a rule;  
That his plumes onely Imp the Muses wings,  
He sleepest with them, his head is napt with baies,  
His lips breake out with *Nectar*, his tunde seete  
Are of the great last, the perpetuall motion,  
And he puffed with their empty breath beleuees  
Full merit, eas'd, those passions of winde,  
Which yet serue, but to praise, and cannot merit,  
And so his furie in their ayre expires:  
So *de Laffin*, and such corrupted Heralds,  
Hirde to encorage, and to glorifie  
May force what breath they will into their cheekes  
Fitter to blow vp bladders, then full men:

Yet may puff men to, with perswasions  
That they are Gods in worth; and may rise Kings  
With treading on their noises; yer the worthiest,  
From onely his owne worth receiues his spirit  
And right is worthy bound to any merit;  
Which right, shall you haue euer; leaue him then,  
He followes none but markt, and wretched men;  
And now for England you shall goe my lord,  
Our Lord Ambassador to that matchlesse Queene;  
You neuer had a voiage of such pleasure  
Honor, and worthy obiects: Ther's a Queene  
Where nature keepes her state, and state her Court,



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

*Wisdom* her studie, *Continence* her fort,  
Where *Magnanimity*, *Humanitie*:  
*Firminesse* in counsaile and integritie:  
Grace to her porest subiects: *Maiestie*  
To awe the greatest, haue respects diuine,  
And in her each part, all the vertues shine. *Exit Hen. & San.*  
*Byr.* Inioy your will a while, I may haue mine. *manet Byron,*  
VWherefore (before I part to this ambassage)  
Ile be resolu'd by a Magician  
That dwells hereby, to whome ile goe disguisde,  
And shew him my birth's figure, set before:  
By one of his profession, of the which  
Ile craue his iudgement, sayning I am sent  
From some great personage, whose natiuitie,  
He wisheth should be censurd by his skill.  
But on go my plots, be it good or ill. *Exit.*

*Enter La Brosse.*

This houre by all rules of *Astrologie*,  
Is dangerous to my person, if not deadly.  
How haples is our knowledge to fore-tel  
And not be able to preuent a mischiefe,  
O the strange difference twixt vs and the stars:  
They worke with inclynations stronge and fatall  
And nothing know; and we know all there working:  
And nought can do, or nothing can preuent?  
Rude ignorance is beafully, knowledge wretched:  
The heauenly powers enuy what they *Enioyne*:  
VVe are commanded t'imitate there natures,  
In making all our ends eternitie:  
And in that imitation we are plagued;  
And worffe then they esteemd, that haue no foules,  
But in their nostrils, and like beasts expire;  
As they do that are ignorant of arts,  
By drowning there eternall parts in sence,  
And sensuall affectations: while wee liue  
Our good parts take away, the more they giue.

*Byron*



*Byron solus disguizd like a Carrier of letters.*

**Byr.** The forts that fauorites hold in Princes hearts,  
In common subiects loues ; and their owne strengths  
Are not so sure, and vnexpugnable,  
But that the more they are presum'd vpon,  
The more they faile ; dayly and hourly prooffe,  
Tels vs prosperity is at highest degree  
The founte and handle of calamitie :  
Like dust before a whirle-winde those men flie,  
That prostrate on the grounds of fortune lye :  
And being great (like trees that broadest sproyde)  
Their owne top-heavy state grubs vp their roote.  
These apprehensions startle all my powers,  
And arme them with suspicion gainst them-selues,  
In my late proiects ; I haue cast my selfe  
Into the armes of others ; and will see  
If they will let me fall ; or toss me vp  
Into th'affected compasse of a throne.  
God saue you sir.

**Labross.** Y'are welcome friend ; what would you ?

**Byr.** I would entreate you, for some crownes I bring,  
To giue your iudgement of this figure cast.  
To know by his natiuitie there scene ;  
What sort of end the person shall endure,  
Who sent me to you, and whose birth it is.

**Labross.** He herein do my best, in your desire ;  
The man is raisd out of a good descent,  
And nothing oulder then your selfe I thinke ;  
Is it not you ?

**Byr.** I will not tell you that :  
But tell me on what end he shall arriue.

**Labross.** My sonne, I see, that he whose end is cast  
In this set figure, is of Noble parts,  
And by his militarie valure raisde,  
To princely honors ; and may be a king,  
But that I see a *Caput Algol* here,



That hinders it I feare.

*Byr.* A Caput *Argol*?

What's that I pray?

*Labross.* Forbear to aske me, sonne,  
You bid me speake, what feare bids me conceale.

*Byr.* You haue no cause to feare, and therefore speake.

*Labross.* Youle rather wish you had beene ignorant,  
Then be instructed in a thing so ill.

*Byr.* Ignorance is an idle salve for ill,  
And therefore do not vrge me to enforce,  
What I would freely know: for by the skill  
Showne in thy aged hayres, ile lay thy braine  
Here scattered at my feete, and seeke in that,  
What safely thou must vtter with thy tongue,  
If thou deny it.

*Labross.* Will you not allow me  
To hold my peace? what lesse can I desire?  
If not, be pleas'd with my constrained speech.

*Byr.* Was euer man yet punisht for expressing  
What he was charg'd? be free, and speake the worst.

*Labross.* Then briefly this; the man hath lately done  
An action that will make him loose his head.

*Byr.* Curst be thy throte & soule, Rauen, Shricch-owle, hag.

*Labross.* O hold, for heauens sake hold.

*Byr.* Hold on, I will,  
Vault, and contractor of all horrid sounds,  
Trumpet of all the miseries in hell,  
Of my confusions; of the shamefull end  
Of all my seruices; witch, fiend, accurst  
For euer be the poison of thy tongue,  
And let the black fume of thy venomd breath,  
Infect the ayre, shrinke heauen, put out the starres,  
And raine so fell and blew a plague on earth,  
That all the world may falter with my fall.

*Labross.* Pitty my age, my Lord.

*Byr.* Out prodigie,  
Remedy of pittie, mine of flint,  
Whence with my nailes and feete, ile digge enough,



# BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Horror, and sauadge cruelty, to build  
Temples to Massacre: dam of deuils take thee,  
Hadst thou no better end to crowne my parts.  
The Bulls of *Colchos*, nor his triple neck,  
That howles out Earthquakes: the most mortall vapors,  
That euer stifled and strooke dead the fowles,  
That flew at neuer such a sightly pitch,  
Could not haue burnt my bloud so.

*Labross.* I told truth,  
And could haue flatterd you.

*Byr.* O that thou hadst;  
Would I had giuen thee twenty thousand crownes  
That thou hadst flatterd me: there's no ioy on earth,  
Neuer so rationall, so pure, and holy,  
But is a Iester, Parasite, a Whore,  
In the most worthy parts, with which they please,  
A drunkenesse of soule, and a disease.

*Labross.* I knew you not.

*Byr.* Peace, dog of *Pluto*, peace,  
Thou knewst my end to come, not me here present:  
Pox of your halting humane knowledges;  
O death! how farre off hast thou kild? how soone  
A man may know too much, though neuer nothing?  
Spight of the Starres, and all Astrologic,  
I will not loose my head: or if I do,  
A hundred thousand heads shall off before.  
I am a nobler substance then the Starres,  
And shall the baser ouer-rule the better?  
Or are they better, since they are the bigger?  
I haue a will, and faculties of choise,  
To do, or not to do: and reason why,  
I doe, or not doe this: the starres haue none,  
They know not why they shine, more then this Taper,  
Nor how they worke, nor what: ile change my course,  
Ile peece-meale pull, the frame of all my thoughts,  
And cast my will into another mould:  
And where are all your *Caput Algols* then?  
Your Plannets all, being vnderneath the earth,



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

At my natiuitie: what can they doe?  
 Malignant in aspects? in bloudy houses?  
 Wilde fire consume them; one poore cup of wine,  
 More then I vse, that my weake braine will beare,  
 Shall make them drunke and reele out of their spheres,  
 For any certaine act they can enforce.  
 O that mine armes were wings, that I might flie,  
 And pluck out of their hearts, my destinie!  
 Ile weare those golden Spurres vpon my heeles,  
 And kick at fate; be free all worthy spirits,  
 And stretch your selues, for greatnesse and for height:  
 Vntrusse your flaueries, you haue height enough,  
 Beneath this steepe heauen to vse all your reaches,  
 'Tis too farre off, to let you, or respect you.  
 Giue me a spirit that on this lifes rough sea,  
 Louest haue his sailes fild with a lustie winde,  
 Euen till his Sayle-yeards tremble; his Masts crack,  
 And his rapt ship runne on her side so lowe  
 That she drinckes water, and her keele plowes ayre;  
 There is no danger to a man, that knowes  
 What life and death is: there's not any law,  
 Exceeds his knowledge; neither is it lawfull  
 That he should stoope to any other lawe.  
 He goes before them, and commands them all,  
 That to him-selfe is a law rationall.      *Exit.*

### ACTVS 4.    SCE. 1.

*Enter D'Aumont, with Crequi.*

The Duke of *Byron* is return'd from *England*,  
 And (as they say) was Princely entertainde,  
 Schoold by the matchlesse Queene there, who I heare  
 Spake most diuinely; and would gladly heare,  
 Her speech reported.

*Cre.* I can serue your turne,  
 As one that speakes from others, not from her,  
 And thus it is reported at his parting,

Thus



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

**T**Hus *Monsieur Du Byron* you haue beheld,  
 Our Court proportion'd to our little kingdome,  
 In euery entertainment; yet our minde,  
 To do you all the rites of your repaire,  
 Is as vnbounded as the ample ayre.  
 What idle paines haue you bestowd to see  
 A poore ould woman? who in nothing liues  
 More, then in true affections, borne your king;  
 And in the perfect knowledge she hath learn'd,  
 Of his good knights, and seruants of your sort.  
 We thanke him that he keepes the memory  
 Of vs and all our kindnesse; but must say,  
 That it is onely kept; and not laid out  
 To such affectionate profit as we wish;  
 Being so much set on fire with his deserts,  
 That they consume vs; not to be restorde  
 By your presentment of him; but his person:  
 And we had thought, that he whose vertues flye  
 So beyond wonder, and the reach of thought,  
 Should check at eight houres saile, and his high spirit  
 That stoopes to feare, lesse then the Poles of heauen;  
 Should doubt an vnder billow of the Sea,  
 And (being a Sea) be sparing of his streames:  
 And I must blame all you that may aduise him;  
 That (hauing helpt him through all martiall dangers)  
 You let him stick, at the kinde rites of peace,  
 Considering all the forces I haue sent,  
 To set his martiall seas vp in firme walls,  
 On both his sides for him to passe at pleasure;  
 Did plainly open him a guarded way  
 And led in Nature to this friendly shore,  
 But here is nothing worth his personall sight,  
 Here are no walled Citties; for that Christall  
 Sheds with his light, his hardnesse, and his height:  
 About our thankfull person, and our Realme;  
 Whose onely ayde, we euer yet desire;  
 And now I see, the helpe we sent to him,  
 Which should haue swum to him in our owne bloud,



# BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Had it beene needfull ; ( our affections  
 Being more giuen to his good, then he himselfe )  
 Ends in the actuall right it did his state,  
 And ours is sleighted ; all our worth is made,  
 The common-stock, and banck ; from whence are seru'd  
 All mens occasions ; yet ( thanks to heauen )  
 Their gratitudes are drawne drye ; not our bounties.  
 And you shall tell your King, that he neglects  
 Ould friends for new ; and sets his soothed Ease  
 Aboue his honor ; Marshals pelicie  
 In ranck before his iustice ; and his profit  
 Before his royalty : his humanitie gone,  
 To make me no repaiment of mine owne.

*D' Au.* What answered the Duke ?

*Cre.* In this sort.

Your highnesse sweete speech hath no sharper end,  
 Then he would wish his life ; if he neglected,  
 The least grace you haue nam'd ; but to his wish,  
 Much powre is wanting : the greene rootes of warre,  
 Not yet so close cut vp, but he may dash  
 Against their reliques to his vtter ruine,  
 Without more neere eyes, fixt vpon his feete,  
 Then those that looke out of his countries soyle,  
 And this may well excuse his personall presence,  
 Which yet he oft hath long'd to set by yours :  
 That he might immitate the Maiestie,  
 Which so long peace hath practisde, and made full,  
 In your admir'd apparance ; to illustrate  
 And rectifie his habite in rude warre.  
 And his will to be here, must needs be great,  
 Since heauen hath thron'd so true a royaltie here,  
 That he thinks no king absolutely crownde,  
 Whose temples haue not stood beneath this skie,  
 And whose height is not hardned with these starres,  
 Whose influences for this altitude,  
 Distild, and wrought in with this temperate ayre,  
 And this diuision of the Element  
 Haue with your raigne, brought forth more worthy spirits,

For



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

For counsaile, valour, height of wit, and art,  
Then any other region of the earth :  
Or were brought forth to all your ancestors,  
And as a cunning Orator, referues  
His fairest similies, best-adorning figures,  
Chiefe matter, and most mouing arguments  
For his conclusion ; and doth then supply  
His ground-streames layd before, glides ouer them,  
Makes his full depth seene through ; and so takes vp,  
His audience in Aplawses past the clouds.  
So in your gouernment, concludiue nature,  
(Willing to end her Excellence in earth  
When your foote shall be set vpon the starres)  
Showes all her Soueraigne Beauties, Ornaments,  
Vertues, and Raptures ; ouertakes her workes  
In former Empires, makes them but your foyles,  
Swels to her full Sea, and againe doth drowne  
The world, in admiration of your crowne.

*D'An.* He did her (at all parts) confessed right.

*Cre.* She tooke it yet, but as a part of Court-ship,  
And sayd, he was the subtle Orator,  
To whom he did too gloriously resemble,  
Nature in her, and in her gouernment,  
He said, he was no Orator, but a Souldier,  
More then this ayre, in which you breath hath made me,  
My studious loue, of your rare gouernment,  
And simple truth, which is most eloquent,  
Your Empire is so amply absolute,  
That euen your Theaters show more comely rule,  
True noblesse, royaltie, and happinesse  
Then others courts : you make all state before  
Vtterly obsolete ; all to come, twice sod.  
And therefore doth my royall Soueraigne wish  
Your yeares may proue, as vitall, as your virtues,  
That ( standing on his Turrets this way turn'd,  
Ordring and fixing his affaires by yours )  
He may at last, on firme grounds, passe your Seas,  
And see that Maiden-sea of Maiestie,



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

In whose chaste aimes, so many kingdomes lye.

*D' Au.* When came she to her touch of his ambition?

*Cre.* In this speech following, which I thus remember.

If I hold any merit worth his presence,

Or any part of that, your Courtship giues me,

My subiects haue bestowd it; some in counsaile,

In action some, and in obedience all;

For none knowes, with such prooffe as you my Lord,

How much a subiect may renowne his Prince,

And how much Priuces of their subiects hold;

In all the seruices that euer subiect

Did for his Soueraigne; he that best deseru'd

Must ( in comparison ) except, *Byron*;

And to winne this prize cleere; without the maimes

Commonly giuen men by ambition,

When all their parts lye open to his view,

Showes continence, past their other excellence,

But for a subiect to affect a kingdome,

Is like the Cammell, that of *Ioue* begd hornes,

And such mad-hungrie men, as well may eate,

Hote coles of fire, to feede their naturall heate;

For, to aspire to competence with your king

What subiect is so grosse, and Gyantly?

He hauing now a *Daulphine* borne to him,

Whose birth, ten dayes before, was dreadfully

Vsher'd with Earth-quakes, in most parts of *Europe*,

And that giues all men, cause enough to feare

All thought of competition with him.

Commend vs good my Lord, and tell our Brother

How much we ioy, in that his royall issue,

And in what prayers, we raise our heart to heauen,

That in more terror to his foes, and wonder

He may drinke Earthquakes, and deuoure the thunder,

So we admire your valure, and your vertues,

And euer will contend, to winne their honor.

Then spake she to *Crequie*, and Prince *D' Auergne*,

And gaue all gracious farewels; when *Byron*

Was thus encountred by a Councillor



# BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Of great and eminent name, and matchlesse merit :  
 I thinke(my Lord) your princely *Daulphin* beares  
*Arion* in his Cradle,through your kingdome,  
 In the swete Musique ioy strikes from his birth.  
 He answerd; and good right; the cause commands it.  
 But (said the other) had we a fift *Henry*,  
 To claime his ould right : and one man to friend,  
 Whom you well know my Lord,that for his friendship  
 Were promist the Vice-royaltie of *France*,  
 We would not doubt of conquest,in despight  
 Of all those windy Earth-quakes.He replyed;  
 Treason was neuer guide to English conquests,  
 And therefore that doubt shall not fright our *Daulphine*;  
 Nor would I be the friend to such a foe,  
 For all the royalties in Christendome.  
 Fix there your foote (sayd he) I onely giue  
 Falsie fire,and would be lothe to shoote you of:  
 He that winnes Empire with the losse of faith,  
 Out-buies it; and will banck-route; you haue layde  
 A braue foundation, by the hand of victorie:  
 Put not the roose to fortune, foolish statuaries,  
 That vnder little Saints suppose,great bases  
 Make lesse,to fence,the Saints; and so where fortune,  
 Aduanceth vile mindes,to states great and noble,  
 She much more exposeth them to shame,  
 Not able to make good,and fill their bases,  
 With a conformed structure; I haue found,  
 (Thankes to the bleffer of my searche.)that counsailes,  
 Held to the lyne of Iustice; still produce,  
 The surest states,and greatest,being sure,  
 Without which fit assurance,in the greatest,  
 As you may see a mighty promontorie  
 More digd and vnder-eaten,then may warrant,  
 A safe supportance,to his hanging browes,  
 All passengers auoide him,shunne all ground  
 That lyes within his shadow,and beare still  
 A flying eye vpon him,so great men  
 Corrupted in their ground,and building out.



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Too swelling fronts, for their foundations;  
When most they should be propt, are most forsaken,  
And men will rather thrust into the stormes  
Of better grounded States, then take a shelter  
Beneath their ruinous, and fearefull weight;  
Yet they, so ouersee, their faultie bases,  
That they remaine securer in conceipt:  
And that securitie, doth worse presage  
Their nere destructions, then their eaten grounds;  
And therefore heauen it selfe is made to vs  
A perfect Hierogliphick to expresse,  
The Idlenesse of such securitie,  
And the graue labour, of a wise distrust,  
In both sorts of the all-enclying starres;  
Where all men note this difference in their shyning,  
As plaine as they distinguish either hand;  
The fixt starres mauer, and the erring, stand.

*D' Aum.* How tooke he this so worrhy admonition?

*Cre.* Grauely applied (said he) and like the man,  
Whome all the world saies, ouerrules the starres;  
Which are diuine bookes to vs; and are read  
By vnderstanders onely, the true obiects,  
And chiefe companions of the truest men;  
And (though I need it not) I thanke your counsaile,  
That neuer yet was idle, But spherelike,  
Still mooues about, and is the continent  
To this blest Ile.

### ACT. 5. SCEN. 1.

*Enter Byron, D' Auergne, Lassin.*

*Byr.* The Circkle of this ambassie is closde,  
For which I long haue long'd, for mine owne ends;  
To see my faithfull, and leaue courtly friends,  
To whom I came (me thought) with such a spirit,  
As you haue secne, a lusty courser showe,  
That hath beene longe time at his manger tied;  
High feed, alone, and when (his headstall broken)

Hee



# BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Hee runnes his prision, like a trumpet neighs,  
Cuts ayre, in high curucts, and shakes his head:  
(With wanton stopings, twixt his forelegs) mocking  
The heauy center; spreads his flying crest,  
Like to an Ensigne, hedge, and ditches leaping,  
Till in the fresh meate, at his naturall foode  
He sees free fellowes, and hath met them free:  
And now (good friend) I would be faine inform'd,  
What our right Princely Lord, the duke of *Sanoy*  
Hath thought on, to employ my comming home.

*Laf.* To try the Kings trust in you, and withall,  
How hot he trailes on our conspiracie:  
He first would haue you, begge the gouernment,  
Of the important Citadell of Bourg:  
Or to place in it, any you shall name:  
VVhich wilbe wondrous fit, to march before,  
His other purposes; and is a fort  
Hee rates, in loue, aboue his patrimonie;  
To make which fortresse worthie of your suite:  
He vowes (if you obtaine it) to bestowe  
His third faire daughter, on your excellence,  
And hopes the King will not deny it you.

*Byr.* Denie it me? deny me such a suite?  
VVho will he grant, if he deny it me.

*Laf.* He'll finde some politique shift to do't, I feare.

*Bir.* VVhat shift? or what euasion can he finde,  
VVhat one patch is there in all policies shop,  
(That botcher vp of Kingdomes) that can mend  
The brack betwixt vs, any way denying.

*D' Au.* Thats at your perill:

*Byr.* Come, he dares not do't.

*D' Au.* Dares not? presume not so; you know (good duke)  
That all things hee thinkes fit to do, he dares.

*Byr.* By heauen I wonder at you, I will aske it,  
As sternely, and secure of all repulse  
As th' antient Persians did when they implorde,  
Their idoll fire to grant them any boone;  
With which they would descend into a flood,

And



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

And threaten there to quench it, if they faile,  
Of that they ask't it:

*Laffi.* Said like your Kings King;  
Cold hath no act in depth, nor are suites wrought  
(Of any high price) that are coldly sought:  
Ile hast, and with your courage, comfort *Sauoy.* *Exit Laffi.*

*D'An.* I am your friend (my Lord) and will deserue  
That name, with following any course you take;  
Yet (for your owne sake) I could wish your spirit  
Would let you spare all broade termes of the King,  
Or, on my life you will at last repent it:

*Byr.* What can he doe?

*D'An.* All that you can not feare.

*Byr.* You feare too much, be by, when next I see him,  
And see how I will vrge him in this suite,  
He comes, marke you, that thinke  
He will not grant it.

*Enter Henry, Esp. Soiss. Ia.*

I am become a suiter to your highnesse.

*Hen.* For what, my Lord, tis like you shall obtaine.

*Byr.* I do not much doubt that; my seruices,  
I hope haue more strength in your good conceite  
Then to receiue repulse, in such requests.

*Hen.* What is it?

*Byr.* That you would bestowe on one whom I shall name,  
The keeping of the Citadell of Bourg,

*Hen.* Excuse me sir, I must not grant you that.

*Byr.* Not grant me this sute?

*Hen.* It is not fit I should;

You are my gouernor in Burgundy,  
And Prouince gouernors, that command in chiefe,  
Ought not to haue the charge of fortresses;  
Besides, it is the chiefe key of my kingdome,  
That opens towards Italie, and must therefore,  
Be giuen to one that hath immediatly  
Dependence on vs.

*Byr.*



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

*Byr:* These are wondrous reasons,  
Is not a man depending on his merits  
As fit to haue the charge of such a key  
As one that meerely hangs vppon your humors?

*Hen:* Do not enforce your merits so your self;  
It takes away their luster, and reward.

*Byr:* But you will grant my suite?

*Hen:* I sweare I cannot  
Keeping the credit of my braine and place.

*Byr:* Will you deny me then?

*Hen:* I am inforc't;  
I haue no power, more then your selfe in things  
That are beyond my reason.

*Byr:* Then my selfe?  
That's a strange sleight in your comparison;  
Am I become th'example of such men  
As haue lest power? Such a diminitue?  
I was comparatiue in the better sort;  
And such a King as you, would say I cannot,  
Do such; or such a thing; were I as great  
In power as he; euen that indefinite he,  
Exprest me full: This Moone is strangely chang'd;

*Hen:* How can I helpe it? would you haue a King  
That hath a white beard; haue so Greene a braine?

*Byr:* A plague of braine; what doth this touch your braine?  
You must giue me more reason or I sweare

*Hen:* Sweare; what do you sweare?

*Byr:* I Sweare you wrong me,  
And deale not like a King, to iest, and sleight,  
A man that you should curiously reward;  
Tell me of your gray beard? it is not gray  
With care to recompence me, who eas'd your care.

*Hen:* You haue beene recompenc't, from head to foote.

*Byr:* With a distrust'd dukedome: Take your dukedome  
Bestow'd on me againe; It was not giuen  
For any loue, but feare, and force of shame;

*Hen:* Yet twas your honor; which if you respect not,  
Why seeke you this Addition?



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

*Byron:* Since this honour,  
Would shew you lou'd me to, in trusting me,  
Without which loue, and trust; honor is shame;  
A very Pageant, and a propertie:  
Honor, with all his Adiuncts, I deserue,  
And you quit my deserts, with your gray beard.

*Hen:* Since you expostulate the matter so;  
I tell you plaine; Another reason is  
Why I am mou'd to make you this deniall  
That I suspect you to haue had intelligence  
With my vowd enemies.

*Byr:* Miseric of vertue,  
Ill is made good, with worse? This reason poures  
Poyson, for Balme, into the wound you made;  
You make me madde, and rob me of my soule,  
To take away my try'd loue, and my Truth;  
Which of my labors, which of all my woundes,  
Which ouerthrow, which Battayle wonne for you,  
Breedes this suspition? Can the blood of faith,  
(Lost in all these to finde it prooffe, and strength)  
Beget disloyalty? all my raine is falne,  
Into the horse fayre; springing pooles and myre;  
And not in thankfull grounds, or fields of fruite;  
Fall then before vs, O thou flaming Christall,  
That art the vncorrupted Register  
Of all mens merits: And remonstrate heere,  
The fights, the dangers, the affrights and horrors,  
Whence I haue rescu'd this vnthankfull King:  
And shew (commixt with them) the ioyes, the glories  
Of his state then: Then his kind thoughts of me:  
Then my deseruings: Now my infamie:  
But I will be mine owne King: I will see,  
That all your Chronicles be filld with me,  
That none but I, and my renowned Syre  
Be said to winne the memorable fieldes  
Of *Arques* and *Deepe*: and none but we of all  
Kept you from dying there, in an Hospitall;  
None but my selfe, that wonne the day at *Drenne*:  
A day of holy name, and needes, no night:



# BYRONS CONSPIRACIE

Nor none but I at *Fountaine Francois* burst,  
 The heart strings of the leaguers; I alone,  
 Tooke *Amiens* in these armes, and held her fast,  
 In spite of all the Pitchy fires she cast,  
 And cloudes of bullets poud vpon my brest,  
 Till she shewd yours; and tooke her naturall forme,  
 Onely my selfe (married to victory)  
 Did people *Artois, Douay, Picardie,*  
*Bethune, and Saint Paul, Bapaume, and Courcelles,*  
 With her triumphant issue;

*Hen.* Ha ha ha,

*Exit,*

*Byron drawing and is held by D' An.*

*D' An.* O hold my Lord; for my sake, mighty Spirit.

*Exit.*

*Enter Byron Dan following unscene.*

*Byr.* Respect, Reuendge, slaughter, repaie for laughter,  
 Whats' graue in Earth, what awfull? what abhord?  
 If my rage be ridiculouse? I will make it,  
 The law and rule of all things serious,  
 So long as such as he  
 Are suffered, soothed and wrest all right, to safty.  
 So long is mischief gathering massacres,  
 For their curst kingdomes; which I will preuent,  
 Laughter? Ile fright it from him, farre as he,  
 Hath cast irreuocable shame; which euer,  
 Being found is lost, and lost returneth neuer;  
 Should Kings cast of their bounties, with their dangers?  
 He that can warme at fires, where vertue burnes,  
 Hunt pleasure through her torments; nothing feele,  
 Of all his subjects suffer; but (long hid)  
 In wants, and miseries, and heauing past  
 Through all the grauest shapes, of worth and honor,  
 (For all *Heroique* fashions to be learned,  
 By those hard lessons) shew an antique vizard,  
 Who would not wish him rather hewd to nothing,  
 Then left so monstrous? slight my seruices?

H 2

*Drowne*



# BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Drowne the dead noises of my sword, in laughter?  
My blowes, as but the passages of shadowes,  
Ouer the highest and most barraine hills,  
And vse me, like, no man; but as he tooke me  
Into a desert, gasht with all my wounds,  
Sustained for him, and buried me in flies;  
Forth vengeance then, and open wounds in him  
Shall let in Spaine, and Sauoy.

*Offers to draw and D' Au: againe holds him.*

*D' Au:* O my Lord,  
This is to large a licence giuen your furie;  
Giue time to it, what reason, sodainely,  
Can not extend, respite doth oft supplie.

*Byr.* While respite, holds reuenge, the wrong redoubles,  
And so the shame of sufferance, it torments me,  
To thinke what I endure, at his shrunk hands,  
That skornes the guift, of one pore fort to me:  
That haue subdu'd for him; O iniurie,  
Forts, Citties, Countries, I, and yet my furie. *Exiunt.*

*Hen. Byron?*

*D' Au.* My Lord? the King calls,

*Hen.* Turne I pray,  
How now? from whence flow these distracted faces?  
From what attempt returne they? as disclayming,  
Their late *Heroique* bearer? what, a pistall?  
Why, good my Lord, can mirth make you so wrathfull?

*Byr.* Mirth? twas mockerie, a contempt; a scandall  
To my renowne for euer: a repulse,  
As miserably cold, as Stygian water,  
That from sincere earth issues, and doth breake  
The strongest vessells, not to be containde,  
But in the tough hooft of a patient Asse.

*Hen.* My Lord, your iudgement is not competent,  
In this dissention, I may say of you;  
As Fame saies of the antient Eleans,  
That, in th' Olympian contentions,  
They euer were the iustest Arbitrators,  
If none of them contended, nor were partie;

Those



# BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

Those that will moderate disputations well,  
Must not themselues affect the coronet;  
For as the ayre, containd within our eares:  
If it be not in quiet; nor refrains,  
Troubling our hearing, with offensive sounds;  
But our affected instrument of hearing,  
Repleat with noise, and singings in it selfe,  
It faithfully receiues no other voices;  
So, of all iudgements, if within themselues  
They suffer spleene, and are tumultuous;  
They can not equall differences without them;  
And this winde, that doth sing. so in your eares,  
I know, is no disease bred in your selfe;  
But whisperd in by others; who in swelling  
Your vaines with emptie hope of much, yet able,  
To performe nothing; are like shallow streames,  
That make themselues so many heauens; to fight;  
Since you may see in them, the Moone, and Starres,  
The blew space of the ayre; as farre from vs,  
(To our weake senses) in those shallow streames  
As if they were as deepe, as heauen is high;  
Yet with your middle finger onely, sound them,  
And you shall pierce them to the very earth;  
And therefore leaue them, and be true to me  
Or yow'le be left by all; or be like one  
That in cold nights will needes haue all the fire,  
And there is held by others, and embrac't  
Onely to burne him: your fire wilbe inward,  
Which not another deluge can put out:

*Byron kneeles while the King goes on.*

O Inocence the sacred amulet,  
Gainst all the poisons of infirmitie:  
Of all misfortune, iniurie, and death,  
That makes a man, in tune still in himselfe;  
Free from the hell to be his owne accuser,  
Euer in quiet, endles ioy enioying;  
No strife, nor no sedition in his powres:  
No motion in his will, against his reason,  
No



# BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

No thought gainst thought, Nor (as twere in the confines  
Of wishing, and repenting) doth possesse  
Onely a wayward, and tumultuouse peace,  
But (all parts in him, friendly and secure,  
Fruitefull of all best thinges in all worst Seasons)  
He can with euery wish, be in their plenty,  
When, the infectious guilt of one foule crime,  
Destroyes the free content of all our time.

*Byr:* Tis all acknowlegd, and, (though all to late)  
Heere the short madnesse of my anger ends:  
If euer I did good I lockt it safe  
In you, th'impregnable defence of goodnesse:  
If ill, I presse it with my penitent knees  
To that vnfounded depth, whence naught returneth.

*Hen:* Tis musique to mine eares: rise then for euer,  
Quit of what guilt soeuer, till this houre,  
And nothing toucht in honnor or in spirit,  
Rise without flattery, rise by absolute merit.

*Enter: Esp: to the King, Byron: &c.*

*Enter Sauoy with three Ladies.*

*Esp:* Sir if it please you to bee taught any Courtship take  
you to your stand: *Sauoy* is at it with three Mistresses at once  
he loues each of them best, yet All differently.

*Hen:* For the time he hath beene here, he hath talkt a Vo-  
lume greater then the Turkes A'caron; stand vp close; his lips  
go still

*Sau:* Excuse me, excuse me; The King has ye all;

1. True Sir, in honorable subiection.

2. To the which we are bound by our loyalty.

*Sau:* Nay your excuse, your excuse, intend me for affec-  
tion? you are all bearers of his fauours; and deny him not  
your opposition by night.

3. You say rightly in that; for therein we oppose vs to his  
command.

1. In the which he neuer yet prest vs.

2. Such is the benediction of our peace.

*Sau:* You take me still in flat misconstruction, and conceiue  
not



## BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

not by me.

1. Therein we are strong in our owne purposes; for it were something scandalous for vs to conceiue by you.

2. Though there might be question made of your fruitfulness, yet drie weather in haruelt dooes no harme.

*Hen.* They will talke him into *Sauoy*; he beginnes to hunt downe.

*Sau.* As the King is, and hath beene, a most admired, and the most vnmatchable souldier, so hath he beene, and is, a sole excellent, and vnparalelld Courtier.

*Hen.* *Pouvre Amy Mercie.*

1. Your highnes does the king but right sir.

2. And heauen shall blesse you for that iustice,  
With plentiful store of want in Ladies affections.

*Sau.* You are cruell, and wil not vouchsafe me audience to any conclusion.

1. Beseech your grace conclude, that we may present our curtsies to you, and giue you the adiew.

*Sau.* It is faide, the king wil bring an army into *Sauoy*.

2. Truely we are not of his counsaile of warre.

*Sau.* Nay but vouchsafe me.

3. Vouchsafe him, vouchsafe him, else there's no play in't.

1. Well I vouchsafe your Grace.

*Sau.* Let the king bring an army into *Sauoy*, and Ile finde him sport for fortie yeares.

*Hen.* Would I were sure of that, I should then haue a long gae, and a merry.

1. I thinke your Grace woulde play with his army at Balloone.

2. My faith, and that's a martiall recreation.

3. It is next to impious courting.

*Sau.* I am not hee that can set my Squadrons ouer-night; by midnight leape my horse, curry seauen miles, and by three, leape my mistris; retorne to mine armie againe, and direct as I were infatigable, I am no such tough souldier.

1. Your disparitie is beleeu'd sir.

2. And tis a peece of virtue to tell true.



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

3. Gods me; the king,

*Sau.* Well, I haue said nothing that may offend,

1. Tis hop't so,

2. If there be any mercie in laughter.

*Sau.* Ile take my leaue.

After the tedious stay my loue hath made,  
(Most worthy to command our earthly zeale)

I come for pardon, and to take my leaue;

Affirming though I reape no other good,

By this my voiage; but t' haue seene a Prince

Of greatnes, in all grace so past report;

I nothing should repent me, and to shew,

Some token of my gratitude, I haue sent,

Into your treasury, the greatest Iewells,

In all my Cabinet of Beatrice.

And of my late-deceased wife, th' Infanta,

Which are two Basigns, and their Ewrs of christall,

Neuer yet vallew'd for their workmanship,

Nor the exceding riches of their matter

And to your stable, (worthy duke of *Byron*,

I haue sent in two of my fayrest horses.

*Byr.* Sent me your horses? vpon what desert?

I entertaine no presents, but for merits;

Which I am farre from at yout highnes hands;

As being of all men to you the most stranger,

There is as ample bounty in refusing;

As in bestowing, and with this I quit you.

*Sau.* Then haue I lost nought but my poore good will,

*Hen.* Well cosine, I with all thankes, welcome that;

And therich arguments with which you proue it,

Wishing I could, to your wish welcome you;

Draw, for your marquisate, the articles;

Agreed on in our composition,

And it is yours, but where you haue porpos'd,

(In your aduices) my designe for Millane,

I will haue no warre with the king of Spaine,

Vnlesse his hopes proue weary of our peace;

And (Princely cosine) it is farre from me,



# BYRONS' CONSPIRACIE.

To thinke your wisdome, needeful of my counsaile;  
 Yet loue, oft-times must offer things vnnedeful;  
 And therefore I would counsaile you to hold  
 All good termes, with his Maiestie of Spaine:  
 If any troubles should be stirr'd betwixt you,  
 I would not stirre therein, but to appease them;  
 I haue too much care of my royal word,  
 To breake a Peace so iust and consequent,  
 Without force of precedent iniurie:  
 Endles desires are worthles of iust Princes,  
 And onely proper to the swinge of tyrants.

*Sau.* At al partes spoke like the most christian king,  
 I take my humblest leaue, and pray your Highnes,  
 To holde me as your seruant, and poore kinsman,  
 Who wisheth no supreamer happines  
 Than to be yours: To you (right worthy Princes)  
 I wish for all your fauours powr'd on me  
 The loue of al these Ladies mutually,  
 And (so they please their Lordes) that they may please  
 Themselues by all meanes. And be you assurde  
 (Most louely Princesses) as of your liues,  
 You cannot be true women, if true wiues. *Exit.*

*Hen.* Is this he *Espernon*, that you would needes  
 Perswade vs courted so absurdly.

*Esp.* This is euen he sir, howsoeuer he hath studied his Par-  
 ting Courtship.

*Hen.* In what one point seemde hee so ridiculous as you  
 would present him?

*Esp.* Behold me sir, I beseech you behold me, I appeare to  
 you as the great Duke of *Sauoy* with these three Ladies.

*Hen.* Well sir, we graunt your resemblance.

*Esp.* He stole a carriage sir, from Count d' *Anuergne* heere.

*D' Auer.* From me sir?

*Esp.* Excuse me sir, from you I assure you: heere sir, he lies  
 at the Lady *Antoniette*, iust thus, for the worlde, in the true  
 posture of Count d' *Anuergne*.

*D' Auer.* Yare exceeding delightfome.

*Hen.* Why is not that wel? it came in with the organ hose.



BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

*Esp.* Organ hose? a pox ant; let it pipe it selfe into contempt; hee hath stolne it most felloniously, and it graces him like a discase.

*Hen.* I thinke he stole it from *D' Auvergne* indeed.

*Esp.* Well, would he had robd him of all his other diseases, He were then the soundest lord in *France*.

*D' Au.* As I am sir, I shall stand all wethers with you.

*Esp.* But sir, he has praised you about th inuention of Rimers.

*Hen.* Wherein? or how?

*Esp.* He tooke vpon him to describe your victories in warre, and where hee should haue sayd, you were the most absolute souldier in Christendome, (no Assé could haue mist it) hee deliuerd you for as pretty a fellow of your hands, as any was in *France*.

*Hen.* Marry God dild him.

*Esp.* A pox on him.

*Hen.* Well, (to be serious) you know him well  
To be a gallant Courtier: his great wit  
Can turne him into any forme he lists,  
More fit to be auoyded, then deluded.  
For my Lord Duke of *Byron* here, well knowes,  
That it infecteth, where it doth affect:  
And where it seemes to counsaile, it conspires.  
With him go all our faults, and from vs flie,  
(With all his counsaile) all conspiracie.

*Finis Actus Quinti,  
& ultimi.*



THE  
TRAGEDIE  
OF CHARLES  
Duke of BYRON.

By GEORGE CHAPMAN.



THE  
TRAGEDY  
OF CHARLES

Duke of Byron

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# THE TRAGEDIE OF

*Charles Duke of Byron.*

ACTVS, I. SCENA, I.

*Henry, Vidame, D'escures, Espernon, Ianin.*

*Hen.* **B**Yron fallne in so traitrous a relaps,  
Alcadgd for our ingratitude: what offices,  
Titles of honor, and what admiration,  
Could France afford him that it pourd not on?  
When he was scarce arriu'd at forty yeares,  
He ranne through all chiefe dignities of *France*.  
At fourteene yeares of age he was made Colonell  
To all the *Suiffes* seruing then in *Flanders*;  
Soone after he was marshall of the campe.  
And shortly after, marshall Generall:  
He was receiued high Admirall of *France*  
In that our Parlament we held at *Tours*;  
Marshall of *France* in that we held at *Paris*.  
And at the Siege of *Amiens* he acknowledgd,  
None his Superiour but our selfe, the King;  
Though I had there, the Princes of the blood  
I made him my Lieutenant Generall,  
Declard him Ioyntly the prime Peere of *France*,  
And raisd his Barony into a Duchy,  
*Iani.* And yet (my Lord) all this could not allay  
The fatall thirst of his ambition,  
For some haue heard him say he would not die,  
Till on the wings of valour he had reacht  
One degree heigher; and had seene his head,  
Set on the royall Quarter of a crowne;  
Yea at so vnbeleeu'd a pitch he aymd,  
That he hath said his heart wou'd still complaine,  
Till he aspirod the style of Soueraigne,



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

And from what ground my Lord rise all the leuyes  
Now made in *Italy*? from whence should spring  
The warlike humor of the Count *Fuentes*?  
The restless stirrings of the Duke of *Sauoye*?  
The discontent the Spaniard entertaind,  
With such a threatning fury, when he heard  
The preiudiciall conditions,  
Propos'd him, in the treaty held at *Vernins*?  
And many other beaueries, this way ayming,  
But from some hope of inward ayd from hence?  
And that, all this directly aymes at you,  
Your highnes hath by one intelligence,  
Good cause to thinke; which is your late aduice,  
That the Sea army, now prepar'd at *Naples*,  
Hath an intended Enterprize on *Provence*?  
Although the cunning Spaniard giues it out,  
That all is for *Algier*.

*Hen.* I must beleuee,  
That without treason bred in our owne breasts,  
Spaines, affayres are not in so good estate,  
To ayme at any action against *France*:  
And if *Byron* should be their instrument,  
His altred disposition could not growe,  
So far wide in an instant; Nor resigne,  
His valure to these lawles resolutions  
Vpon the soelaine; nor without some charms,  
Of forreigne hopes and flatteries sung to him:  
But far it flies my thoughts, that such a spirit,  
So actiue, valiant, and vigilant;  
Can see it selfe transformed with such wild furies.  
And like a dreame it shewes to my conceipts,  
That he who by himselfe hath wonne such honor:  
And he to whome his father left so much,  
He that still dayly reapes so much from me,  
And knowes he may encrease it to more prooffe  
From me, then any other forreigne King;  
Should quite against the streame of all religion,  
Honor, and reason, take a course so foule,

And



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

And neither keepe his Oth, nor saue his Soule.  
 Can the poore keeping of a Citadell  
 Which I denyed, to be at his disposure,  
 Make him forgoe the whole strength of his honours?  
 It is impossible, though the violence,  
 Of his hot spirit it made him make attempt  
 Vpon our person for denying him;  
 Yet well I found his loyall iudgment seru'd,  
 To keepe it from effect: besides being offer'd,  
 Two hundred thousand crownes in yearely pention,  
 And to be Generall of all the forces  
 The *Spaniards* had in *France*; they found him still,  
 As an vnmatcht *Achilles* in the warres,  
 So a most wise *Vlisse*: to their words,  
 Stopping his eares at their enchanted sounds;  
 And plaine he told them that although his blood  
 (Being mou'd) by Nature, were a very fire  
 And boyld in apprehension of a wrong;  
 Yet should his mind hold such a scepter there,  
 As would containe it from all act and thought  
 Of treachery or ingratitude to his Prince.  
 Yet do I long, me thinkes, to see *La Fin*,  
 Who hath his heart in keeping; since his state,  
 (Growne to decay and he to discontent)  
 Comes neere the ambitious plight of Duke *Byron*.  
 My Lord *Vidame*, when does your Lordship thinke,  
 Your vnckle of *La Fin* will be arriu'd.

*Vid.* I thinke (my Lord) he now is neere arriuing  
 For his particular iourney and deuotion,  
 Voud to the holy Lady of *Loretto*,  
 Was long since past and he vpon returne.

*Hen.* In him, as in a christall that is charm'd,  
 I shall descerne by whome and what designes,  
 My rule is threatened and that sacred power  
 That hath enabled this defensive arme,  
 (When I enioyd but in an vnequall Nooke,  
 Of that I now possesse) to front a King  
 Farre my Superiour: And from twelue set battailes,

Marche.



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

March home a victor: ten of them obtaind,  
VVithout my personall seruice; will not see  
A traitrous subiect foile me, and so end  
VVhat his hand hath with such successe begunne.

*Enter a Ladie, and a Nurffe bringing the Daulphine.*

*Esp.* See the yong Daulphin brought to cheere your highnes.  
*Hen.* My royall! blessing, and the King of heauen,  
Make thee an aged, and a happie King:  
Helpe Nurse to put my sword into his hand;  
Hold Boy, by this; and with it may thy arme  
Cut from thy tree of rule, all traitrous branches,  
That striue to shadow and eclips thy glories;  
Haue thy old fathers angell for thy guide,  
Redoubled be his spirit in thy brest;  
VVho when this State ranne like a turbulent sea,  
In ciuill hates and bloody enmity,  
Their wrathes and enuies, like so many windes,  
Setled and burst: and like the Halcions birth,  
Be thine to bring a calme vpon the shore,  
In which the eyes of warre may euer sleepe,  
As ouermacht with former massacres,  
VVhen gultie, made Noblesse, feed on Noblesse;  
All the sweete plentie of the realme exhausted;  
VVhen the nak't merchant, was pursude for spoile,  
VVhen the pore Pezants frighted neediest theeces,  
VVith their pale leanenesse; nothing left on them  
But meager carcases sustaind with ayre,  
Wandring like Ghosts affrighted from their graues,  
VVhen with the often and incessant sounds  
The very beasts knew the alarum bell,  
And (hearing it) ranne bellowing to their home:  
From which vnchristian broiles and homicides,  
Let the religious sword of iustice free  
Thee and thy kingdomes gouern'd after me.  
O heauen! or if th' vnsettled bloud of France,  
VVith ease, and welch, renew her ciuill furies:



## BYRONS TRAGEDY.

Let all my powers be emptied in my Sonne  
To curb, and end them all, as I haue done.  
Let him by vertue, quite out of from fortune,  
Her fetherd shouldeis, and her winged shooes,  
And thrust from her light feete, her turning stone;  
That she may euer tarry by his throne.  
And of his worth, let after ages say,  
(He fighting for the land; and bringing home  
Iust conquests, loden with his enemies spoiles)  
His father past all France in martiall deeds,  
But he, his father twenty times exceeds.

*Enter the Duke of Byron, D'Avuergne  
and Laffin.*

Byr. My deare friends *D'Avuergne*, and *Laffin*,  
We neede no coniurations to conceale:  
Our close intendments, to aduance our states  
Euen with our merits; which are now neglected;  
Since Britaine is reduc't, and breathlesse warre  
Hath sheath'd his sword, and wrapt his Ensignes vp;  
The King hath now no more vse of my valure,  
And therefore I shall now no more enioy  
The credite that my seruice held with him;  
My seruice that hath driuen through all extreames,  
Through tempests, droughts, and through the deepest floods;  
Winters of shot: and ouer rockes so high  
That birds could scarce aspire their ridgy toppes;  
The world is quite inuerted: vertue throwne  
At Vices feete: and sensuall peace confounds,  
Valure, and cowardise: Fame, and Infamy;  
The rude and terrible age is turnd againe:  
When the thicke ayre hid heauen, and all the starres,  
Wee drown'd in humor, tough, and hard to peirce,  
When the red Sunne held not his fixer place;  
Kept not his certaine course, his rise and set



## BYRONS TRAGEDY.

Nor yet distinguish'd with his definite boundes;  
 Nor in his firme conuersions, were discern'd  
 The fruitfull distances of time and place,  
 In the well varied seasons of the yeare;  
 When th'incompold incursions of floods  
 Wasted and eat the earth; and all things shewed  
 Wilde and disordred: nought was worse then now;  
 Wee must reforme and haue a new creation  
 Of State and gouernment; and on our *Chaos*  
 Will sit brooding vp another world.  
 I who through all the dangers that can siege  
 The life of man, haue forst my glorious way  
 To the repaying of my countries ruines,  
 Will ruine it againe, to re-advance it;  
 Romaine *Camyllus*, safe the State of Rome  
 With farre lesse merite, then *Byron* hath France;  
 And how short of this is my recompence.  
 The king shall know, I will haue better price  
 Set on my seruices; in spight of whome  
 I will proclaime and ring my discontents  
 Into the farthest care of all the world.

*Laff:* How great a spirit he breaths? how learnd? how wise?  
 But (worthy Prince) you must giue temperate ayre,  
 To your vnmatcht, and more then humane winde;  
 Else will our plots be frost-bit, in the flowre.

*D'An:* Betwixt our selues we may giue liberall vent  
 To all our fiery and displeas'd impressions;  
 Which nature could not entertaine with life,  
 Without some exhalation; A wrongd thought  
 Will breake a rib of steele.

*Byr.* My Princely friend,  
 Enough of these eruptions; our graue Councillor  
 Well knowes that great affaires will not be forg'd  
 But vpon Anuills that are linde with wooll;  
 We must ascend to our intentions toppe  
 Like Clowdes that be not seene till they be vp?

*Laff:* O, you do too much rauish; And my soule  
 Offer to Musique in your numerous breath;



Sententious, and so high, it wakens death;  
It is for these parts, that the Spanish King  
Hath sworne to winne them to his side  
At any price or perrill; That great *Sauoy*,  
Offers his princely daughter, and a dowry,  
Amounting to five hundred thousand crownes;  
With full transport of all the Soueraigne rights  
Belonging to the State of Burgondie;  
Which marriage will be made, the onely Cymene  
T'effect and strengthen all our secret Treaties;  
Instruct me thererfore, ( my assured Prince)  
Now I am going to resolute the King  
Of his suspicions, how I shall behaue me.

*Byr:* Go my most trusted friend, with happy fectes:  
Make me a sound man with him; Go to Court  
But with a little traine; and be prepar'd  
To heare, at first, tearmes of contempt and choller,  
Which you may easily calme, and turne to grace.  
If you beseech his highnesse to beleue  
That your whole drift and course for Italy,  
(Where he hath heard you were) was onely made  
Out of your long-well-knowne deuotion  
To our right holy Lady of *Lorretto*,  
As you haue told some of your friends in Court:  
And that in passing Mylan and Thurin,  
They charg'd you to propound my marriage  
With the third daughter of the Duke of Sauoy;  
Which you haue done, and I reiected it,  
Resolu'd to build vpon his royall care  
For my bestowing, which he lately vowd.

*Laff.* O, you direct, as if the God of light  
Sat in each nooke of you; and pointed out  
The path of Empire; Charming all the dangers  
On both sides arm'd, with his harmoniouse finger.

*Byr:* Besides let me intreat you to dismiss,  
All that haue made the voyage with your Lordship,  
But specially the Curate: And to locke  
Your papers in some place of doubtlesse safety;



BYRONS TRAGEDY.

Or sacrifice them to the God of fire;  
Considering worthily that in your hands  
I put my fortunes, honour, and my life.

*Laff:* Therein the bounty that your Grace hath shewn me,  
I prize past life, and all things that are mine;  
And will vndoubtedly preferue, and tender  
The merit of it, as my hope of heauen.

*Byr:* I make no question; farewell worthy friend. *Exit.*

*Henry, Chancellor, Laffin, D'Escures, Ianin,  
Henry hauing many papers in his hand.*

*Hen:* Are these proofes of that purely Chatholike zeale  
That made him with no other glorious title,  
Then to be calld the scourge of *Huguenots*?

*Chan:* No question sir, he was of no religion;  
But (vpon false groundes, by some Courtiers laid)  
Hath oft bene heard to mocke and iest at all.

*Hen:* Are not his treasons haynous?

*All:* -- Most abhord;

*Chan:* All is confirmd that you haue heard before,  
And amplified with many horrors more.

*Hen:* Good *De' Laffin*; you were our golden plummet,  
To sound this gulphe of all ingratitude;  
In which you haue with excellent desert  
Of loyalty and pollicie, exprest  
Your name in action; and with such apparence  
Haue prou'd the parts of his ingratfull treasons,  
That I must credit, more then I desir'd,

*Laff:* I must confesse my Lord, my voyages  
Made to the Duke of Sauoy and to Mylan;  
Were with indeauour, that the warres returnd,  
Might breed some trouble to your Maiestie;  
And profit those by whome they were procur'd;  
But since, in their disseignes, your sacred person  
Was not excepted (which I since haue scene)  
It so abhord me, that I was resolu'd  
To giue you full intelligence thereof;

And



# BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

And rather chus'd to fayle in promises;  
Made to the seruant; then infringe my fealty  
Sworne to my royall Soueraigne and Maister;

*Hen:* I am extreemely discontent to see,  
This most vnaturall conspiracie;  
And would not haue the Marshall of *Byron*,  
The first example of my forced Iustice;  
Nor that his death should be the worthy cause,  
That my calme raigne, (which hether to hath held  
A cleare and cheerefull skie about the heads  
Of my deare subiects) should so sodainely  
Be ouercast with clowdes of fire, and thunder;  
Yet on submission, I vow stil his pardon.

*Ian:* And still our humble counsayles, (for his seruice)  
Would so resolute you, if he will imploy  
His honourd valure as effectually,  
To fortifie the State, against your foes;  
As he hath practis'd bad intendments with them.

*Hen:* That vow shall stand; and we will now addresse,  
Some messengers to call him home to Court;  
VVithout the slenderest intimation,  
Of any ill we know; we will restraine  
(VVithal forgiuenes, if he will confesse)  
His headlong course to ruine; and his taste,  
From the sweete poyson of his friendlike foes:  
*Treason hath blister'd heeles, dishonest Things  
Haue bitter Rivers, though delicious Springs;*  
*Descures* haste you vnto him, and informe,  
That hauing heard by sure intelligence,  
Of the great leuies made in *Italie*,  
Of Arms and soldiers; I am resolute,  
Vpon my frontiers to maintaine an Army;  
The charge whereof I will impose on him;  
And to that end, expressely haue commanded,  
*De Vic*, our Lord Ambassador in *Suisse*,  
To demand leuie of six thousand men:  
Appointing them to march where Duke *Byron*.  
Shall haue directions; wherein I haue follow'd.



BYRONS TRAGEDY.

The counsaile of my Constable his Gossip;  
Whose lik't aduice, I made him him know by letters,  
Wishing to heare his owne; from his owne mouth,  
And by all meanes coniure, his speediest presence;  
Do this with vtmost hast.

*Desc.* I will my Lord.

*Exit Desc.*

*Hen.* My good Lord Chancellor, of many Peecces,  
More then is here, of his conspiracies  
Presented to vs, by our friend, *Lassin*;  
You, onely, shall reserue these seauen and twenty,  
VWhich are not those that must conclude against him;  
But mention only him; since I am loth,  
To haue the rest of the conspirators, knowne.

*Chan.* My Lord, my purpose is to guard all these,  
So safely from the sight of any other:  
That in my doublet I will haue them sow'd;  
Without discovering them to mine owne eies,  
Till neede, or opportunitie requires.

*Hen.* You shall do well my Lord, they are of weight;  
But I am doubtfull; that his conscience  
Will make him so suspicious of the worst,  
That he will hardly be induc't to come.

*Ian.* I much should doubt that to, but that I hope  
The strength of his conspiracie, as yet  
Is not so readie, that he dare presume,  
By his refusall to make knowne so much  
Of his disloialtie.

*Hen.* I yet conceiue;  
His practises are turnd to no bad end,  
And good *Lassin*, I pray you wright to him,  
To hasten his repaire: and make him sure,  
That you haue satisfied me to the full,  
For all his actions, and haue vtterd nought,  
But what might serue to banish bad impressions.

*Laf.* I will not faile my Lord.

*Hen.* Conuaie your letters;  
By some choice friend of his: or by his brother:  
And for a third excitement to his presence;

*Ianin,*



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

*Ianin*, your selfe shall goe, and with the powre  
That both the rest employ to make him come,  
Use you the strength of your perswasions.

*Ian*. I will my Lord, and hope I shall present him. *Exit Ian*.

*Enter Esper. Soisson, Vitry, Pralin, &c.*

*Esper*. Wilt please your Maiestie to take your place,  
The Maske is comming.

*Hen*. Roome my Lords, stand close.

*Musique and a Song, above, and Cupid enters with a  
Table written, hung about his neck; after him two  
Torch-bearers; after them Mary, D'Entragues,  
and 4 Ladies more with their Torch-bearers, &c.  
Cupid speakes.*

*Cup*. My Lord, these Nimphs, part of the scatterd traine,  
Of friendlesse vertue (living in the woods  
Of shady *Arden*: and of late not hearing  
The dreadfull sounds of Warre; but that sweete Peace,  
Was by your valure lifted from her graue,  
Set on your royall right hand: and all vertues  
Summond with honor, and with rich rewards,  
To be her hand-maides): These I say, the vertues,  
Haue put their heads out of their Caues and Couerts,  
To be her true attendants in your Court:  
In which desire, I must relate a tale,  
Of kinde and worthy emulation,  
Twixt these two Vertues, leaders of the traine.  
This on the right hand is *Sophrosyne*,  
Or *Chastitie*: this other *Dapsyle*  
Or *Liberalitie*: their Emulation  
Begot a iarre, which thus was reconcil'd.  
I, (having left my Goddesse mothers lap,  
To hawke, and shoote at Birds in *Arden* groues,)  
Beheld this Princely Nimph, with much affection,  
Left killing Birds, and turn'd into a Birde,

Like



BYRONS TRAGEDY.

Like which I flew betwixt her luory breasts,  
 As if I had beene driuen by some Hawlke,  
 To sue to her for saftety of my life;  
 She smilde at first, and sweetly shadowd me,  
 With soft protection of her siluer hand;  
 Some-times she tyed my legges in her rich hayre,  
 And made me ( past my nature, libertie )  
 Proud of my fetters : As I pertly sat,  
 On the white pillowes of her naked breasts,  
 I sung for ioy; she answered note for note,  
 Relish for relish, with such eate and Arte,  
 In her diuine diuision, that my tunes,  
 Showd like the God of Shepheards to the Sunnes,  
 Comparde with hers : ashaund of which disgrace,  
 I tooke my true shape, Bowe, and all my shafts,  
 And lighted all my torches at her eyes,  
 Which ( set about her, in a golden ring )  
 I followd Birds againe, from Tree to Tree,  
 Kild, and presented, and she kindly tooke.  
 But when she handled my triumphant Bowe,  
 And saw the beauty of my golden shafts,  
 She begd them of me; I, poore boy replied,  
 I had no other Riches; yet was pleasde  
 To hazard all, and stake them gainst a kisse,  
 At an old game I vsde, call'd Penny-prick.  
 She priue to her owne skill in the play,  
 Answerd my challenge, so, I lost my armes:  
 And now my Shafts are headed with her lookes,  
 One of which Shafts she put into my Bowe,  
 And shot at this faire Nimph, with whom before  
 I tolde your Maiestie, she had some iarre.  
 The Nimph did instantly repent all parts  
 She playd in vrging that effeminate warre,  
 Lou'd and submitted; which submission  
 This tooke so well, that now they both are one:  
 And as for your deare loue, their discords grew,  
 So for your loue, they did their loues renew.  
 And now to prooue them capable of your court,



In skill of such conceipts, and quallities  
As here are practisde; they will first submit  
Their grace in dancing to your highnesse doome,  
And play the prease to giue their meisures roome,

*Musique, Dance, &c. which done Cupid speakes.*

If this suffice, for one Court complement,  
To make them gracious, and entertainde;  
Behold another parcell of their Court-ship,  
Which is a rare dexteritie in riddles,  
Showne in one instance, which is here inscrib'd.  
Here is a Riddle, which if any Knight  
At first sight can resolue; he shall enioy  
This Jewell here annext; which though it show  
To vulgar eyes, no richer then a Pebble;  
And that no Lapydarie, nor great man  
Will giue a Soulez for it; 'tis worth a kingdome:  
For 'tis an artificiall stone composde,  
By their great Mistresse, Vertue: and will make  
Him that shall weare it, liue with any little,  
Suffizde, and more content then any king.  
If he that vndertakes cannot resolue it;  
And that these Nymphs can haue no harbor here;  
(It being considered, that so many vertues  
Can neuer liue in Court) he shall resolue  
To leaue the Court, and liue with them in *Arden*,

*Esp.* Pronounce the riddle: I will vndertake it.

*Cup.* 'Tis this sir.

*What's that a faire Lady, most of all likes,  
Yet ever makes shew she least of all seekes?  
That's ever embrac'd, and affected by her,  
Yet neuer is seene to please or come nigh her:  
Most seru'd in her night-weeds: does her good in a corner,  
But a poore mans thing, yet doth richly adorne her:  
Most cheape, and most deare, aboue all worldly pelfe,  
That is hard to get in, but comes out of it selfe.*

*Esp.* Let me peruse it, *Cupid*.

*Cup.* Here it is.

*Esp.* Your Riddle is good *Fame*.



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

*Cup.* Good fame? how make you that good?

*Esp.* Good fame is that a good Lady most likes I am sure;

*Cup.* Thats graunted;

*Esp.* Yet euer makes shewe she least of all seekes: for shee likes it onely for the vertue, which is not glorious.

*Hen.* That holds well.

*Esp.* Tis euer embract and affected by her: for she must, perseuer in vertue or fame vanishes. (sible,  
Yet neuer is seene to please or come nyc her: for fame is Inui-

*Cup.* Exceeding right.

*Esp.* Most serued in her night weeds: for Ladies that most weare their Nightweeds come least abroad, and they that come least abroad serue fame most; according to this; *Non formata fama in publicum exire debet.*

*Hen.* Tis very substantiall.

*Esp.* Does her good in a corner: that is in her most retreat from the world, comforts her; but a poore mans thing: for euery poore man may purchase it, yet doth richly adorne a Lady.

*Cup.* That all must grant.

*Esp.* Most cheape for it costs nothing, and most deare, for gould can not buy it; aboue all worldly pelffe; for thats transitory, and fame eternall. It is hard to get in; that is hard to get. But comes out of it selfe; for when it is vertuofely deserud with the most inward retreat from the world, it comes out in spight of it, & so *Cupid* your iewell is mine.

*Cup.* It is: and be the vertue of it, yours.

Wee'l now turne to our daunce, and then attend,

Your heighnes will, as touching our resort,

If vertue may be entertained in Court,

*Hen.* This show hath pleased me well, for that it figures.

The reconcilment of my Queene and Mistris:

Come Let vs in and thanke them and prepare,

To entertaine our trusty friend *Byron.* *Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Secundi.*

ACT V S.



*Enter Byron, D' Auer.*

Byr. Deare friend, we must not be more true to kings,  
 Then Kings are to their subiects, there are schooles,  
 Now broken ope in all parts of the world,  
 First founded in ingenious Italy,  
 Where some conclusions of estate are held,  
 That for a day preserve a Prince, and euer,  
 Destroy him after: from thence men are taught,  
 To glyde into degrees of height by crafte,  
 And then lock in them-selues by villanie:  
 But God, who knowes kings are not made by art,  
 But right of Nature, nor by trechery propt,  
 But simple vertue, once let fall from heauen,  
 A branch of that greene tree, whose root is yet,  
 Fast fixt aboue the starrs: which sacred branch,  
 Wee well may liken to that Lawrell spray,  
 That from the heauenly Eagles golden seres,  
 Fell in the lap of great *Augustus* wife:  
 Which spray once set, grew vp into a tree,  
 Whereof were Girlands made, and Emperors,  
 Had their estates and foreheads crownd with them:  
 And as the armes of that tree did decay,  
 The race of great *Augustus* wore away,  
*Nero* being last of that imperiall line,  
 The tree and Emperor together died.  
 Religion is a branch, first set and blest  
 By heauens highe finger in the hearts of kings,  
 Which whilelome grew into a goodly tree,  
 Bright Angels sat and sung vpon the twigs,  
 And royall branches for the heads of Kings,  
 Were twisted of them but since squint-ey'd enuye:  
 And pale suspicion, dasht the heads of kingdomes,  
 One gainst another: two abhorred twins,  
 With two foule tayles: sterne Warre and Libertie,  
 Entred the world. The tree that grew from heauen.



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Is ouerrunne with mosse; the cheerfull musique,  
That heeretofore hath sounded out of it,  
Beginner to cease; and as she casts her leaues,  
(By small degrees) the kingdomes of the earth  
Decline and wither: and looke whensoever  
That the pure sap in her, is dried vp quite;  
The lamp of all authoritie goes out,  
And all the blaze of Princes is extinkt;  
Thus as the Poet sends a messenger  
Out to the stage, to shew the summe of all,  
That followes after: so are Kings reuolts,  
And playing both waies with religion,  
Fore-runners of afflictions imminent,  
Which (like a Chorus) subiects must lament:

*D' Au.* My Lord I stand not on these deepe discourses,  
To settle my course to your fortunes; mine  
Are freely and inseperable linckt:  
And to your loue my life.

*Byr.* Thankes Princely friend,  
And whatsoever good shall come of me,  
Pursu'd by al the Catholike Princes aydes  
With whom I ioyne, and whose whole states proposde,  
To winne my valure, promise me a throne:  
All shall be equall with my selfe; thine owne.

*La Brun.* My Lord here is *D'escuris* sent from the King,  
Desires access to you.

*Enter D'escuris.*

*Byr.* Attend him in.

*Desc.* Helth to my Lord the Duke:

*Byr.* Welcome *D'escuris*,

In what helth rests our royall Soueraigne.

*Desc.* In good helth of his bodie, but his minde,  
Is something troubled with the gathering stormes,  
Of forreigne powres; that as he is inform'd  
Adresse themselues into his frontier townes;  
And therefore his intent, is to maintaine:

The



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

The body of an armie on those parts;  
And yeeld their worthie conduct to your valure.

*Byr.* From whence heares he that any stormes are rising?

*D'esc.* From Italy; and his intelligence,  
No doubt is certaine, that in all those partes  
Leuies are hotly made; for which respect,  
He sent to his Ambassador *De Vic*,  
To make demand in Switzerland, for the raising  
With vtmost dilligence of fixe thousand men;  
All which shall bee commanded to attend,  
On your direction; as the Constable  
Your honord Gossip gaue him in aduice;  
And hee sent you by wrighting: of which letters,  
He would haue answere, and aduice from you  
By your most speedie presence.

*Byr.* This is strange,  
That when the enimie is t'atempt his frontiers,  
He calls me from the frontiers: does he thinke,  
It is an action worthie of my valure  
To turne my back, to an approaching foe?

*D'esc.* The foe is not so nere, but you may come,  
And take more strickt directions from his highnesse,  
Then he thinkes fit his letters should containe;  
Without the least attainture of your valure;  
And therefore good my Lord, forbear excuse  
And beare your selfe on his direction;  
Who well you know hath neuer made designe  
For your most worthy seruice, where he saw  
That any thing but honour could succede.

*Byr.* I will not come I sweare:

*D'esc.* I know your grace,  
Will send no such vsauorie replie.

*Byr.* Tell him that I besecch his Maiesty,  
To pardon my repaire till th'end be knowne  
Of all these leuies now in Italie.

*D'esc.* My Lord I know that tale will neuer please him;  
And wish you as you loue his loue and pleasure,  
To satisfie his summons speedily:



And speedily I know he will returne you;  
*Byr.* By heauen it is not fit: if all my seruice  
 Makes me know any thing: beseech him therefore,  
 To trust my iudgement in these doubtfull charges,  
 Since in assur'd assaults it hath not faild him.

*Des.* I would your Lordship now, would trust his iudgement.

*Byr.* Gods precious, y<sup>e</sup> are importunate past measure,  
 And (I know) further, then your charge extends,  
 Ile satisfie his highnesse, let that serue;  
 For by this flesh and bloud, you shall not beare,  
 Any replie to him, but this from me.

*Des.* Tis nought to me my Lord, I wish your good,  
 And for that cause haue beene importunate. *Exit Des.*

*Brunei.* By no meanes goe my Lord; but with distrust,  
 Of all that hath beene said or can be sent;  
 Collect your friends, and stand vpon your gard,  
 The Kings faire letters, and his messages  
 Are onely Golden Pills, and comprehend  
 Horrible purgatiues.

*Byr.* I will not goe,  
 For now I see th<sup>e</sup> instructions lately sent me,  
 That something is discouerd, are too true,  
 And my head rules none of those neighbor Nobles;  
 That euery Pursuant brings beneath the axe:  
 If they bring me out, they shall see ile hatch  
 Like to the Black-thorne, that puts forth his leafe,  
 Not with the golden fawnings of the Sunne,  
 But sharpest showers of haile, and blackest frosts:  
 Blowes, batteries, breaches, showers of steele and bloud,  
 Must be his doun-right messengers for me,  
 And not the misling breath of policie:  
 He, he himselfe, made passage to his Crowne  
 Through no more armies, battailes, massacres,  
 Then I will aske him to arriue at me;  
 He takes on him, my executions,  
 And on the demolitions, that this arme,  
 Hath shaken out of forts and Citadells,  
 Hath he aduanc't the Tropheys of his valor;  
 Where I, in those assumptions may skorne,

And



And speake contemptuously of all the world,  
 For any equal yet, I euer found;  
 And in my rising, not the Syrian Starre  
 That in the Lyons mouth, vndaunted shines,  
 And makes his braue ascension with the Sunne,  
 Was of th' Egyptians, with more zeale beheld,  
 And made a rule to know the circuite  
 And compasse of the yeare; then I was held  
 When I appeared from battaile; the whole sphere,  
 And full sustainer of the state we beare;  
 I haue Alcides-like gone vnder th' earth  
 And on these showlders borne the weight of France:  
 And (for the fortunes of the thankles King)  
 My father (all know) set him in his throne,  
 And if he vrge me, I may pluck him out. *Enter Mess.*

*Mes.* Here is the president *Ianin*, my Lord;  
 Sent from the King, and vrgeth quick access.

*Byr.* Another Pursuant? and one so quick?  
 He takes next course with me, to make him stay:  
 But, let him in, let's here what he importunes. *Enter Ianin.*

*Ianin.* Honor, and loyall hopes to Duke *Byron*.

*Byr.* No other tooch me: say how fares the King?

*Ian.* Farely my Lord; the cloud is yet farre off,  
 That aimes at his obscuring, and his will,  
 Would gladly giue the motion to your powers,  
 That should disperse it; but the meanes, himselfe,  
 Would personally relate in your direction.

*Byr.* Still on that hante?

*Ian.* Vpon my life, my Lord,  
 He much desires to see you, and your sight  
 Is now growne necessarie to suppress  
 (As with the glorious splendor of the Sunne)  
 The rude windes that report breaths in his eares,  
 Endeuoring to blast your loialtie.

*Byr.* Sir, if my loyaltie, stick in him no faster  
 But that the light breath of report may loose it,  
 (So I rest still vnmoou'd) let him be shaken.

*Ian.* But these aloofe abodes, my Lord bewray,

That



That there is rather firmnesse in your breath,  
 Then in your heart; Truth is not made of glasse,  
 That with a small touch, it should feare to breake,  
 And therefore should not shunne it; beleue me  
 His arme is long, and strong; and it can fetch  
 Any within his will, that will not come:  
 Not he that surfets in his mines of gold,  
 And for the pride thereof, compares with God,  
 Calling (with almost nothing different)  
 His powers inuincible, for omnipotent,  
 Can back your boldest Fort gainst his assaults;  
 It is his pride, and vaine ambition,  
 That hath but two staires in his high designes;  
 (The lowest enuie, and the highest bloud)  
 That doth abuse you; and giues mindes too high,  
 Rather a will by guiddinesse to fall,  
 Then to descend by iudgement.

*Byr.* I relye

On no mans back nor belly; but the King  
 Must thinke that merit, by ingratitude crackt,  
 Requires a firmer sementing then words.  
 And he shall finde it a much harder worke  
 To soder broken hearts, then shiuerd glasses.

*Ian.* My Lord, 'tis better hold a Soueraignes loue  
 By bearing iniuries; then by laying out  
 Stirre his displeasure; Princes discontents  
 (Being once incenst) are like the flames of *Aetna*,  
 Not to be quencht, nor lessend: and be sure,  
 A subiects confidence in any merit,  
 Against his Soueraigne, that makes him presume  
 To flie too high; approoues him like a clowd,  
 That makes a show as it did hawlke at kingdomes,  
 And could command, all raisd beneath his vapor:  
 When sodainly, the Fowle that hawlkt so faire,  
 Stoo pes in a puddle, or consumes in ayre.

*Byr.* I flie with no such ayme, nor am opposde,  
 Against my Soueraigne; but the worthy height  
 I haue wrought by my seruice, I will hold,

Which



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Which if I come away , I cannot do;  
For if the enimie should inuade the Frontier,  
Whose charge to guard, is mine, with any spoile,  
(Although the King in placing of another  
Might well excuse me) Yet all forraine Kinges  
That can take note of no such secret quittance,  
Will lay the weakenesse here,vpon my wants;  
And therefore my abode is resolute.

*Ian*: I sorrow for your resolution,  
And feare your dissolution, will succeed.

*Byr*: I must induce it;

*Ian*: Fare you well my Lord;

*Byr*: Farewell to you;

*Enter Bru.*

Captaine what other newes?

*Bru*: *La Fin* salutes you;

*Byr*: Welcome good friend; I hope your wisht arriuall,  
Will giue some certaine end to our disleignes;

*Bru*: I know not that, my Lord ; reports are rais'd so doubt-  
full and so different , that the truth of any one can hardly be  
assur'd.

*Byr*: Good newes , *D'Avuergne*; our trusty friend *La Fin*,  
Hath clear'd all scruple with his Maiestie,  
And vtterd nothing but what seru'd to cleare  
All bad Suggestions.

*Bru*: So he sayes, my Lord  
But others say, *La Fins* assurances  
Are meere deceipts; and wish you to beleue;  
That when the *Vidame*, nephew to *La Fin*,  
Met you at *Autune*, to assure your doubts,  
His vncl had said nothing to the King  
That might offend you; all the iournies charge,  
The King defraid; besides, your truest friendes  
Willd me to make you certaine that your place  
Of gouernment is otherwise dispos'd;  
And all aduise you, for your latest hope,  
To make retreat into the *Franch County*.

*Byr*: I thanke them all, but they touch not the depth,  
Of the affaires, betwixt *La Fin* and me.

M

Who



Who is returnd contented to his house,  
Quite freed, of all displeasure or distrust;  
And therefore, worthy friends wele now to Court.

*D'An* My Lord, I like your other friends aduices,  
Much better then *Laffins*; and on my life  
You can not come to Court with any saftie.

*Byr.* Who shall infringe it? I know, all the Court,  
Haue better apprehension of my valure;  
Then that they dare lay violent hands on mee;  
If I haue onely meanes to drawe this sword,  
I shall haue powre enough to set me free,  
From feasure, by my proudest enemy. *Exit.*

*Esper: Vyt: Pral:*

*Esper.* He will not come I dare engage my hand.

*Vyt.* He will be fetcht then, ile engage my head.

*Pra.* Come, or be fetcht, he quite hath lost his honor,  
In giuing these suspicions of reuolt  
From his allegiance: that which he hath wunne,  
With sundry wounds, and perrill of his life;  
With wonder of his wildome, and his valure,  
He loofeth with a most enchanted glorie:  
And admiration of his pride, and folly.

*Vit.* Why did you neuer see a fortunate man,  
Sodainely rais'd to heapes of welth and honor?  
Nor any rarely great in gifts of nature;  
As valure, wit, and smooth vse of the tongue;  
Set strangely to the pitch of popolare likings?  
But with as sodaine falls the rich and honor,  
Were ouerwhelmd by pouertie, and shame  
Or had no vse of both aboue the wretched.

*Esper.* Men neuer are satisfi'd with that they haue;  
But as a man, matcht with a louely wife,  
When his most heauenly Theorve of her beauties,  
Is duld and quite exhausted with his practise:  
He bring her forth to feasts, where he ahlas,  
Falls to his viands with no thought like others,  
That thinke him blest in her, and they (poore men)

Court;



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Court, and make faces, offer seruice, sweate,  
With their desires contention, breake their braines  
For iests, and tales: sit mute, and loose their looks,  
(Far out of wit, and out of countenance)  
So all men else, do what they haue transplant,  
And place their welth in thirst of that they want.

*Enter Henry, Chanc: Vyd: Desc: Ianin.*

*Hen.* He will not come; I must both grieue and wonder,  
That all my care to winne my subiects loue  
And in one cup of friendship to comix,  
Our liues and fortunes; should leaue out so many  
As giue a man (contemptuous of my loue,  
And of his owne good, in the Kingdomes Peace)  
Hope, in a continuance so vngratefull,  
To beare out his designs in spight of me;  
How should I better please all, then I do?  
When they suppos'd, I would haue giuen some,  
Insolent garisons; others Citadells,  
And to all sorts, encrease of miseries;  
Prouince by Prouince, I did visit all  
Whom those iniurious rumors had diswaide;  
And shew'd them how, I neuer sought to build,  
More forts for me, then were within their hearts;  
Nor vse more sterne constraints, then their good wills,  
To succor the necessities of my crowne,  
That I desir'd to ad to their contents  
By all occasions, rather then subtract;  
Nor wisht I, that my treasury should flow,  
With gold that swum in, in my subiects teares;  
And then I found no man, that did not blesse,  
My few yeares raigne; and their triumphant peace,  
And do they now so soone, complaine of ease?

*Hen.* He will not come? *Enter Byron, D' Auerngne; brother,*

*Esp.* O madnesse? he is come, *with others.*

*Chan.* The duke is come my Lord:

*Hen.* Oh Sir, y' are welcome,



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

And fitly, to conduct me to my house;

*Byr.* I must beseech your Maiesties excuse,  
That (Ielouse of mine honor) I haue vsd,  
Some of mine owne commandment in my stay,  
And came not with your heighnesse soonest summons.

*Hen.* The faithfull seruant right in holy writ;  
That said he would not come and yet he came:  
But come you hether; I must tell you now,  
Not the contempt you stood to in your stay,  
But the bad ground that bore vp your contempt,  
Makes you arriue at no port, but repentance,  
Despayre, and ruine;

*Byr.* Be what port it will,  
At which your will, will make me be ariued,  
I am not come to iustifie my selfe,  
To aske you pardon nor accuse my friends,

*Hen.* It you conceale my enemies you are one,  
And then my pardon shall be worth your asking,  
Or else your head be worth my cutting of.

*Byr.* Being friend and worthy fautor of my selfe,  
I am no foe of yours, nor no empayrer,  
Since he can no way worthely maintaine  
His Princes honor that neglects his owne:  
And if your wil haue beene to my true reason,  
(Maintaining still the truth of loyalty)  
A checke to my free nature and mine honor,  
And that on your free iustice I presum,d  
To crosse your will a little, I conceine,

You will not thinke this forsaite worth my head;

*Hen.* Haue you maintaind your truth of loyalty?  
When since I pardoned foule ententions,  
Resoluing to forget eternally, What they apperd in,  
And had welcomd you as the kind father doth his riotous son,  
I can approue facts fowler then th' intents,  
Of deepe disloyalty and highest treason;

*Byr.* May this right hand be thunder to my brest,  
If I stand guilty of the slenderest fact,  
Whercin the least of thoser two can be prooued;



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

For could my tender conscience but haue toucht,  
At any such vnnaturall relaps;  
I would not with this confidence haue runne,  
Thus headlong in the furnace of a wrath,  
Blowne, and thrice kindled: hauing way enough,  
In my election both to shunne and sleight it.

*Hen.* Y<sup>e</sup> are grolely and vain gloriously abus'd,  
There is no way in *Sauoy* nor in *Spaine*,  
To giue a foole that hope of your escape,  
And had you not (euen when you did) arriued,  
(With horror to the proudest hope you had)  
I would haue fetcht you.

*Byr.* You must then haue vs'd.  
A power beyond my knowledge, and a will,  
Beyond your iustice. For a little stay  
More then I vsd would hardly haue beene worthy,  
Of such an open expedition;  
In which to all the censures of the world,  
My faith and Innocence had beene souly foyle;  
Which (I protest) by heauens bright witnesses  
That shine farr, farr, from mixture with our feares.  
Retaine as perfect roundnes as their spheares;

*Hen* Tis well my Lord, I thought I could haue frighted  
Your firmest confidence: some other time,  
We will (as now in priuate) sift your actions.  
And poure more then you thinke into the sieue,  
Alwaies reseruing clemency and pardon  
Vpon confession, be you nere so foule,  
Come lets cleere vp our browes shall we to tennis.

*Byr.* I my Lord if I may make the match,  
The Duke *Espernon* and my selfe will play,  
With you and Count *Soissons*;

*Esp.* I know my Lord.  
You play well but you make your matches ill.

*Hen* Come tis a match.

*Exit.*

*Byr.* How like you my ariuall?

*Esp.* He tell you as your friend in your care.  
You haue giuen more preferment to your courage,



# BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Then to the prouident counsailes of your friends.

*D'An.* I told him so my Lord, and much was grieu'd  
To see his bold approach, so full of will.

*Byr.* Well I must beare it now, though but with th'head,  
The shoulders bearing nothing.

*Esp.* By Saint Iohn,  
Tis a good headlesse resolution. *Exeunt.*

## ACTVS. 4. SCEN. 1.

*Byron. D'Avuergne.*

*Byr.* O the most base fruites of a setled peace!  
In men, I meane; worse then their durty fields,  
Which they manure much better them-selues:  
For them they plant, and sowe, and ere they grow,  
Weedie, and choakt with thornes, they grub and proync,  
And make them better, then when cruell warre,  
Frighted from thence the sweaty labourer:  
But men them-selues, in stead of bearing fruites,  
Growe rude, and foggie, ouer-growne with weedes,  
Their spirits, and freedoms smotherd in their ease;  
And as their tyrants and their ministers,  
Growe wilde in prosecution of their lusts,  
So they grow prostitute, and lye (like whores)  
Downe and take vp, to their abhord dishonors:  
The friendlesse may be iniur'd and opprest;  
The guiltlesse lead to slaughter, the deseruer  
Giuen to the begger; right be wholly wrongd,  
And wrong be onely honor'd; till the strings  
Of euery mans heart, crack; and who will stirre,  
To tell authority, that it doth erre.  
All men cling to it, though they see their blouds  
In their most deare associates and Allyes,  
Pour'd into kennels by it: and who dares  
But looke well in the breast, whom that impayres?  
How all the Court now lookes askew on me?  
Go by without saluting, shun my sight,  
Which (like a march sunne) agues breeds in them,  
From whence of late, ~~was~~ health to haue a beame.

*D'An.*



# BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

*D' Au.* Now none will speake to vs, we thrust our selues  
Into mens companies, and offer speech,  
As if not made, for their diuerted eares,  
Their backs turnd to vs, and their words to others,  
And we must like obsequious Parasites,  
Follow their faces, winde about their persons,  
For lookes and answers: or be cast behinde,  
No more viewd then the wallet of their faults.

*Enter Soiffon.*

*Byr.* Yet here's one views me, and I thinke will speake,

*Soiff.* My Lord, if you respect your name and race,

The preservation of your former honors,

Merites and vertues; humbly cast them all,

At the kings mercy; for beyond all doubt,

Your acts haue thether driuen them: he hath proofes

So pregnant, and so horride, that to heare them,

Would make your valure in your very lookes,

Giue vp your forces, miserably guilty:

But he is most loth (for his ancient loue

To your rare vertues: ) and in their empaire,

The full discouragement of all that liue,

To trust or fauour any gifts in Nature)

T' expose them to the light; when darknesse may

Couer her owne broode, and keepe still in day,

Nothing of you but that may brooke her brightnesse:

You know what horrors these high strokes do bring,

Raisd in the arme of an incensed King.

*Byr.* My Lord, be sure the King cannot complaine

Of any thing in me, but my true seruice,

Which in so many dangers of my death,

May so approoue my spotlesse loyaltie;

That those quite opposite horrors you assure,

Must looke out of his owne ingratitude;

Or the malignant enuies of my foes,

Who powre me out in such a Stygian flood,

To drowne me in my selfe, since their deserts

Are farre from such a deluge; and in me

Hid like so many riuers in the Sea.

*Soiff.*



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

*Golff:* You thinke I come to sound you;fare you wel, *Exit.*

*Enter Chancellor, Espernon, Ianin, Vidame,  
Vitry, Pralin,whisperinge by couples,&c.*

*D' Au:* See see,not one of them will cast a glaunce  
At our eclipsed faces;

*Byr:* They keepe all to cast in admiration on the King:  
For from his face are all their faces moulded.

*D' Au:* But when a change comes;we shall see them all  
Chang'd into water, that will instantly  
Giue looke for looke, as if it watcht to greete vs;  
Or else for one, they'l giue vs twenty faces,  
Like to the little specks on sides of glasses;

*Byr:* Is't not an easie losse to lose theyr lookes,  
Whose hearts so soone are melted?

*D' Au:* But me thinks,  
(Being Courtiers)they should cast best looks on men,  
When they thought worst of them.

*Byr:* O no my Lord,  
They n'ere dissemble but for some aduantage;  
They sell theyr looks,and shadowes;which they rate  
After theyr markets, kept beneath the State;  
Lord what foule weather theyr aspects do threaten?  
See in how graue a Brake he sets his vizard:  
Passion of nothings; See, an excellent Iecture:  
Now Courtship goes a ditching in theyr fore-heads;  
And we are falne into those dismall ditches;  
Why euen thus dreadfully would they be rapt,  
If the Kings butterd egges, were onely spilt.

*Enter Henry.*

*Hen:* Lord Chancellor;

*Cha:* I my Lord;

*Hen:* And lord *Vidame:* *Exit.*

*Byr:* And not *Byron*?here's a prodigious change;

*D' Au:* He cast no Beame on you;

*Byr:* Why now you see  
From whence theyr countenances were copyed.

*Enter.*



## BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

*Enter the captaine of Byrons guard with a letter.*

*D' Au.* See, here comes some newes, I belecue my Lord.

*Byr.* VVhat saies the honest captaine of my guard?

*Cap.* I bring a letter from a friend of yours.

*Byr.* Tis welcome then:

*D' Au.* Haue we yet any friends?

*Cap.* More then yee would I thinke: I neuer saw,  
Men in their right mindes so vnrighteous  
In their owne causes.

*Byr.* See what thou hast brought,  
Hee wills vs. to retire our selues my Lord,  
And makes as if it were almost too late,  
What saies my captaine; shall we goe or no?

*Cap.* I would your daggers point, had kist my heart,  
When you resolu'd to come.

*Byr.* I pray the why?

*Cap.* Yet, doth that sencelesse Apopelxy dull you?  
The diuell or your wicked angell blinds you,  
Bereauing all your reason of a man.  
And leaues you but the spirit of a horse,  
In your brute nostrills: onely powre to dare. (mc

*Byr.* VVhy, dost thou think, my comming here hath brought  
To such an vnreouerable danger?

*Cap.* Iudge by the strange Ostents that haue succeeded,  
Since your arriual: the kinde fowle, the wilde duck,  
That came into your cabinet, so beyond  
The sight of all your seruants, or your selfe:  
That flew about, and on your shoulder sat  
And which you had so fed, and so attended;  
For that dum loue she shew'd you; iust as soone,  
As you were parted, on the sodaine died.

And to make this no lesse then an Ostent;  
Another that hath fortun'd since, confirms it:  
Your goodly horse *Pastrana*, which the Archduke,  
Gaue you at Bruxells; in the very houre,  
You left your strength, sel-mad, and kild himselfe;  
The like chanc't to the horse the great duke sent you:  
And, with both these, the horse the duke of Lorraine,



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Sent you at, *Vinie* made a third presage,  
Of some Inevitable fate that toucht you,  
Who like the other pin'd away and died,

*Byr.* All these together are indeed ostentfull,  
Which by another like, I can confirme:

The matchlesse Earle of *Essex* who some make,  
(In their most sure diuinings of my death)

A parallell with me in life and fortune,

Had one horse like-wise that the very howre,

He sufferd death, (being well the night before)

Died in his pasture, Noble happy beasts,

That die, not hauing to their wills to liue:

They vse no deprecations, nor complaints.

Nor sute for mercy: amongst them the Lion,

Serues not the Lion; nor the horse the horse,

As man serues man: when men shew most their spirits,

In valure and their vtmost dares to do;

They are compard to Lions, Woolues, and Bores,

But by conuersion; None will say a Lyon,

Fights as he had the Spirit of a man.

Let me then in my danger now giue cause,

For all men to begin that *Simile*.

For all my huge engagement, I prouide me,

This short sword onely; which if I haue time,

To show my apprehendor, he shall vse.

Power of tenne Lions if I get not loose.

*Enter Henry, Chancellor, Vidame, Ianin, Vitry, Pralin.*

*Hen.* What shall we doe with this vnthankfull man?

Would he (of one thing) but reueale the truth,

Which I haue prooffe of, vnderneath his hand,

He should not tast my Iustice. I would giue,

Two hundred thousand crownes, that he would yeeld,

But such meanes for my pardon, as he should;

I neuer lou'd man like him: would haue trusted,

My Sonne in his protection, and my Realme:

He hath deseru'd my loue with worthy seruice,

Yet



BYRONS TRAG'EDIE.

Yet can he not deny, but I haue thrice,  
Sau'd him from death: I drew him of the foe.  
At *Fontaine Francoise* where he was engag'd,  
So wounded, and so much amaz'd with blowes,  
That (as I playd the souldier in his rescue,)  
I was enforc't to play the Marshall,  
To order the retreat: because he said,  
He was not fit to do it nor to serue me,

*Cha.* Your maiesty hath vsd your vtmost meanes,  
Both by your owne perswasions, and his friends  
To bring him ro submission, and confesse  
(With some signe of repentance) his foule fault:  
Yet still he stands prefract and insolent.

You haue in loue and care of his recovery  
Beene halfe in labour to produce a course,  
And resolution, what were fit for him,  
And since so amply it concernes your crowne,  
You must by law cut of, what by your grace,  
You cannot bring into the state of safety,

*Ian.* Begin at th' end my Lord and execute,  
Like *Alexander* with *Parmenio*.

Princes (you knowe) are Maisters of their lawes,  
And may resolute them to what forms they please,  
So all conclude in iustice; in whose stroke,  
There is one sort of manadge for the Great;  
Another for inferiour: The great Mother,  
Of all productions (graue Necessity)  
Commands the variation: And the profit,  
So certainly fore-seene, commends the example.

*Hen.* I like not executions so informall,  
For which my predecessors haue beene blam'd:  
My Subiects and the world shall knowe; my powre,  
And my authority by lawes vsuall course  
Dares punish; not the deuilish heads of treason,  
But there confederates be they nere so dreadfull,  
The decent ceremonies of my lawes,  
And their solemnities shall be obserued,  
With all their Sternenes and Seueritie.



BYRONS TRAGEDY.

*Vit:* Where will your highnes haue him apprehended?

*Hen:* Not in the Castle (as some haue aduif'd)  
But in his chamber;

*Pral:* Rather in your owne,  
Or comming out of it; for tis assur'd  
That any other place of apprehension,  
Will make the hard performance, end in blood.

*Vit:* To shun this likely-hood, my Lord tis best  
To make the apprehension neere your chamber;  
For all respect and reuerence giuen the place,  
More then is needfull, to chastice the person,  
And saue the opening of to many veines;  
Is vain and dangerous.

*Hen:* Gather you your guard,  
And I will finde fit time to giue the word,  
When you shall seaze on him and on *D' Auvergne*;

*Vit:* Wee will be readie to the death; (my Lord) *Exeunt.*

*Hen:* O thou that gouernst the keene swords of Kings,  
Direct my arme in this important stroke,  
Or hold it being aduanc't; the weight of blood,  
Euen in the basest subiect, doth exact  
Deepe consultation, in the highest King;  
For in one subiect, deaths vniust affrights,  
Passions, and paines, (though he be n'ere so poore)  
Aske more remorse, then the voluptuous spleenes  
Of all Kings in the world, deserue respect;  
Hee should be borne grey-headed that will beare  
The sword of Empire; Iudgement of the life,  
Free state, and reputation of a man,  
(If it be iust and worthy) dwells so darke  
That it denies access to Sunne and Moone;  
The soules eye, sharpned with that sacred light,  
Of whome the Sunne it selfe is but a beame,  
Must onely giue that iudgement; O how much  
Erre those Kings then, that play with life and death,  
And nothing put into their serious States,  
But humor and their lusts! For which alone  
Men long for kingdomes; whose huge counterpoise



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

In cares and dangers, could a foole comprise,  
He would not be a King but would be wise;

*Enter Byron talking with the Queene:  
Esp: D'Entragues, D'Av: with another  
Lady, others attending.*

*Hen:* Heere comes the man, with whose ambitious head  
(Cast in the way of *Treason*) we must stay  
His full chace of our ruine and our Realme;  
This houre shall take vpon her shady winges  
His latest liberty and life to Hell.

*D'Av:* We are vndone?

*Queene:* Whats that?

*Byr:* I heard him not;

*Hen:* Madam y'are honord much, that Duke *Byron*  
Is so obseruant; Some, to cardes with him,  
You foure, as now you come, sit to *Primero*;  
And I will fight a battayle at the *Cheffe*;

*Byr.* A good safe fight belecue me; Other warre  
Thirsts blood, and wounds; and his thirst quencht, is thankles;

*Esp:* Lift, and then cut;

*Byr:* Tis right the end of lifting,  
When men are lifted to their highest pitch,  
They cut of those that lifted them so high.

*Qu:* Apply you all these sports so seriously?

*Byr:* They first were from our serious acts deuif'd,  
The best of which, are to the best but sports;  
(I meane by best, the greatest) for their ends,  
In men that serue them best, are their owne pleasures.

*Qu:* So, in those best mens seruices, their ends  
Are their owne pleasures; passe.

*Byr:* I vy't;

*Hen:* I see't;

And wonder at his frontles impudence;

*Exit Hen:*

*Chan:* How speedes your Maiestie?

*Qu:* Well; the Duke instructs me  
With such graue lessons of mortallitie



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Forc't out of our light sport; that if I loose,  
I cannot but speed well.

*Byr.* Some idle talke,  
For Courtship sake, you know does not amisse.

*Chan.* Would we might heare some of it.

*Byr.* That you shall,  
I cast away a card now, makes me thinke,  
Of the decessed worthy King of Spaine.

*Chan.* What card was that?

*Byr.* The King of hearts (my Lord)  
Whose name yeelds well the memorie of that King,  
Who was indeed the worthy King of hearts,  
And had, both of his subiects hearts, and strangers,  
Much more then all the Kings of Christendome.

*Chan.* He wun them with his gold.

*Byr.* He wun them chiefly,  
With his so generall Pietie and Iustice:  
And as the little, yet great Macedon,  
Was sayd with his humane philosophy,  
To teach the rasefull Hyrcans, mariage;  
And bring the barbarous Sogdians, to nourish,  
Not kill their aged Parents; as before,  
Th' incestuous Persians to reuerence  
Their mothers, not to vse them as their wiues;  
The Indians to adore the Grecian Gods,  
The Scythians to inter, not eate their Parents;  
So he, with his diuine Philosophy,  
(Which I may call his, since he chiefly vsd it)  
In Turkey, India, and through all the world,  
Expell'd prophane idolatry; and from earth,  
Raisd temples to the highest: whom with the word,  
He could not winne, he iustly put to sword,

*Chan.* He sought for gold, and Empire.

*Byr.* Twas Religion,  
And her full propagation that he sought;



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

If gold had beene his end, it had beene hoorded,  
When he had fetcht it in so many fletes:  
Which he spent not on *Median* Luxurie,  
Banquets, and women; *Calidonian* wine,  
Nor deare *Hyrceanian* fishes, but emploid it,  
To propagate his Empire; and his Empire  
Desird t' extend so, that he might withall,  
Extend Religion through it, and all nations,  
Reduce to one firme constitution,  
Of Pietie, Iustice, and one publique weale;  
To which end he made all his matchles subiects  
Make tents their castles, and their garisons;  
True Catholikes contrimen; and their allies,  
Heretikes, strangers, and their enemies.  
There was in him the magnanimity.

*Montig.* To temper your extreame applause (my Lord)  
Shorten, and answere all things in a word,  
The greatest commendation we can giue  
To the remembrance of that King deceast;  
Is, that he spar'd not his owne eldest sonne,  
But put him iustly to a violent death,  
Because, hee sought to trouble his estates.

*Byr.* Ist so?

*Chan.* That bit (my Lord) vpon my life,  
Twas bitterly replied, and doth amaze him.

*The King sodainely enters having  
determined what  
to doe.*

*Hen.* It is resolud,  
A worke shall now be done,  
Which, (while learnd *Atlas* shall with starres be crown'd,  
While th' Ocean walkes in stormes his wayy round,  
While Moones at full, repaire theit broken rings:

While



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

While *Lucifer* fore-shewes *Auroras* springs,  
And *Arcos* stickes about the Earth vnrou'd,  
Shall make my realme be blest, and me beloued;  
Call in the count *D' Anuergne*. *Enter D' Au.*

A word my Lord.

Will you become as wilfull as your friend?  
And draw a mortall iustice on your heads;  
That hangs so blacke and is so loth to strike?  
If you would vtter what I knowe you knowe,  
Of his inhumaine treason; on Stronge Barre,  
Betwixt his will, and duty were dissolud.  
For then I know he would submit himselfe;  
Thinke you it not as stronge a point of faith,  
To rectifie your loyalties to me,  
As to be trusty in ech others wrong?  
Trust that deceiues our selues in treachery,  
And Truth that truth conceales an open lie;

*D' Au.* My Lord if I could vtter any thought,  
Instructed with disloyalty to you,  
And might light any fasty to my friend;  
Though mine owne heart came after it should out;

*Hen.* I knowe you may, and that your faith's affected  
To one another, are so vaine and faulce,  
That your owne Strengths will ruine you: ye contend,  
To cast vp rampiers to you in the sea,  
And strue to stop the waues that runne before you,

*D' Au.* All this my Lord to me is misery.

*Hen.* It is; Ile make it plaine enouge. Beleeue me.  
Come my Lord Chancellor let vs end our mate.

*Enter Varennes, whispering to Byron.*

*Var.* You are vndone my Lord; *Exit.*

*Byr.* Is it possible?

*Que.* Play good my Lord: whom looke you for?

*Esp.* Your mind,  
Is not vpon your Game,

*Byr.* Play, pray you play,

*Hen.* Enough, tis late, and time to leaue our play,



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

On all hands ; all forbear the roome, my Lord?  
 Stay you with me ; yet is your will resolued,  
 To dewty, and the maine bond of your life?  
 I sweare (of all th' Intrusions I haue made,  
 Vpon your owne good , and continew'd fortunes)  
 This is the last; informe me yet the truth,  
 And here I vow to you, (by all my loue;  
 By all meanes showne you, euen to this extreame,  
 When all men else forsake you) you are safe.  
 What passages haue slipt twixt count *Fuentes*,  
 You, and the Duke of *Sauoye*?

*Byr.* Good my Lord.  
 This nayle is driuen already past the head,  
 You much haue ouerchargd, an honest man:  
 And I beseech you yeeld my Innocence iustice,  
 (But with my single valure) gainst them all,  
 That thus haue poisoned your opinion of me,  
 And let me take my vengeance by my sword:  
 For I protest, I neuer thought an Action,  
 More then my tongue hath vtterd.

*Hen.* Would twere true.  
 And that your thoughts and deeds, had fell no fouler.  
 But you disdain submission , not remembring,  
 That (in intentes vrdgd for the common good)  
 He that shall hold his peace being chardgd to speake:  
 Doth all the peace and nerues of Empire breake  
 Which on your conscience lie , adieu, good night. *Exit.*

*Byr.* Kings hate to heare what they command men speake,  
 Aske life, and to desert of death ye yeeld.  
 Where Medicins loath, it yrcks men to be heald,

*Enter Vitry, with two or three of the Guard, Esper, Vidame,*  
*following. Vitry layes hand on Byrons sword.*

*Vyt.* Resigne your sword (my Lord) the King commands it,

*Byr.* Me to resigne my sword? what king is he,  
 Hath vsd it better for the realme then I?

My sword , that all the warres within the length,  
 Breadth and the whole dimenstions of great *France*,  
 Hath sheathd betwixt his hilt and horrid point?



# BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

And fixt ye all in such a flourishing Peace?  
My sword that neuer enimie could inforce,  
Bereft me by my friendes? Now, good my Lord,  
Beseech the King, I may resigne my sword,  
To his hand onely.

*Enter Ianin.*

*Ianin:* You must do your office,  
The King commands you;

*Vit:* Tis in vaine to strue,  
For I must force it;

*Byron:* Haue I n'ere a friend,  
That beares another for me? All the Guard?  
What will you kill me? will you smother here  
His life that can command, and saue in field,  
A hundred thousand liues? For man-hood sake;  
Lend something to this poore forsaken hand;  
For all my seruice, let me haue the honor  
To dye defending of my innocent selfe,  
And haue some little space to pray to God.

*Enter Henry.*

*Hen:* Come, you are an Atheist *Byron*, and a Traytor,  
Both foule and damnable; Thy innocent selfe?  
No Leper is so buried quicke in vlcers:  
As thy corrupted soule: Thou end the war?  
Aud settle peace in France? what war hath rag'd,  
Into whose fury I haue not expos'd,  
My person; wich is as free a spirit as thine?  
Thy worthy Father, and thy selfe, combine,  
And arm'd in all the merits of your valors;  
(Your bodies thrust amidst the thickest fight;)   
Neuer were bristled with so many battayles,  
Nor on the foe haue broke such woods of Launces:  
As grew vpon my thigh; and I haue Marshald;  
I am asham'd to braggethus; where enuy  
And arrogance, their opposit Bulwarke raise;  
Men are allow'd to vse their proper praise;  
Away with him;

*Exit Henry:*

*Byr:* Away with him? liue I?

And



And here my life thus sleighted ? cursed man,  
That euer the intelligensing lights  
Betraid me to mens whomish fellowships;  
To Princes Moorish flaueries ; To be made  
The Anuille , on which onely blowes , and woundes  
Wcre made the seed, and wombs of others honors;  
A property for a Tyrant, to set vp,  
And puffle downe, with the vapour of his breath;  
Will you not kill me ?

*Vit.* No; we will not hurt you,  
We are commanded onely to conduct you  
Into your lodging;

*Byr.* To my lodging ? where ?

*Vit.* Within the Cabynet of Armes my Lord :

*Byr.* What to a prilon ? Death ; I will not go;

*Vit.* Weele force you then ;

*Byr.* And take away my sword ;  
A proper point of force ; ye had as good,  
Haue rob'd me of my soule ; Slaues of my Starrs,  
Partiall and bloody ; O that in mine eyes  
Were all the Sorcerous poyson of my woes,  
That I might witch ye headlong from your height,  
And trample ou't, your execrable light.

*Vit.* Come will you go my Lord ? this rage is vaine;

*Byr.* And so is all your graue authority;  
And that all France shall feele before I Die;  
Ye see all how they vse good Catholiques;

*Esp.* Farewell for euer; so haue I desern'd  
An exhalation that would be a Starre  
Fall when the Sunne forsooke it, in a sincke.  
Shoes euer ouerthrow that are too large,  
And hugest canons , burst with overcharge.

*D' Auerngne, Pralin, following with a Guard.*

*Pra:* My Lord I haue commandment from the King,  
To charge you go with me, and aske your sword;

*D' Au:* My sword, who feares it ? it was n'ere the death  
Of any but wilde Bores; I p'ithee take it;



Hadst thou aduertis'd this when last we met,  
 I had bene in my bed, and fast asleepe  
 Two houres a goe; lead; ile go where thou wilt: *Exit.*

*Vid:* See how he beares his crosse, with his small strength,  
 On easier shoulders then the other *Atlas*.

*Ess:* Strength to aspire, is still accompanied  
 With weakenes to indure; All popular gifts,  
 Are coullors, it will beare no vineger;  
 And rather to aduerse affaires, betray;  
 Thine arme against them; his State still his best  
 That hath most inward worth; and that's best tryed,  
 That neither glories, nor is glorified.

Actus. 5. Scena. 1.

*Henry, Soissons, Ianin, Descures, cum aliis.*

*Hen:* What shall we thinke (my Lords) of these new forces  
 That ( from the King of Spaine ) hath past the Alps?  
 For which ( I thinke ) his Lord Ambassador,  
 Is come to Court, to get their passe for Flanders?

*Ian:* I thinke ( my Lord ) they haue no end for Flanders;  
 Cont *Maurice* being already entred Brabant  
 To passe to Flanders, to relieue Ostend,  
 And th' Arch-duke full prepar'd to hinder him;  
 And sure it is that they must measure forces,  
 Which ( ere this new force could haue past the Alps )  
 Of force must be incountred.

*Soiff:* Tis vnlikely,  
 That their march hath so large an ayme as Flanders;

*Desc:* As these times fort, they may haue shorter reaches;  
 That would pierce further;

*Hen:* I haue bene aduertis'd,  
 That Cont *Fuentes* ( by whose meanes this army  
 Was lately leuied; And whose hand was strong,  
 In thrusting on *Byrons* conspiracie )  
 Hath caus'd these cunning forces to aduance,  
 With coullor onely to set downe in Flanders;  
 But hath intentionall respect to fauor

And



And countnance his false Partizans in Bresse;  
 And friendes in Burgondie; to giue them hart  
 For the full taking of their hearts from me;  
 Be as it will; we shall preuent theyr worst;  
 And therefore call in Spaines Ambassador,

*Enter Ambassador with others.*

What would the Lord Ambassador of Spaine?

*Amba:* First (in my maisters name) I would beseech  
 Your highnes hearty thought; That his true hand,  
 (Held in your vowd amities) hath not toucht,  
 At any least point in *Byrons* offence;  
 Nor once had notice of a cryme so foule;  
 Whereof, since he doubts not, you stand resolu'd,  
 He prayes your Leagues continuance in this fauor;  
 That the army he hath rais'd to march for Flanders,  
 May haue safe passage by your frontier townes,  
 And finde the Riuer free, that runs by Rhosne.

*Hen:* My Lord my frontiers shall not be disarm'd,  
 Till, by araignment of the Duke of *Byron*,  
 My scruples are resolu'd; and I may know  
 In what account to hold your Maisters faith,  
 For his obseruance of the League betwixt vs;  
 You wish me to belecue that he is cleare  
 From all the proiects caus'd by *Cont Fuentes*,  
 His speciall Agent; But where, deedes, pull downe,  
 Words, may repaire, no faith; I scarce can thinke  
 That his gold was so bounteously employd,  
 Without his speciall counsaile, and command:  
 These faint proceedings in our Royall faiths,  
 Make subiects proue so faithlesse: If because,  
 We sit aboue the danger of the lawes,  
 We likewise lift our Armes aboue their iustice;  
 And that our heauenly Soueraigne, bounds not vs  
 In those religious confines; out of which  
 Our iustice and our true lawes are inform'd;  
 In vaine haue we expectance that our subiects,  
 Should not as well presume to offend their Earthly,  
 As we our Heauenly Soueraigne? And this breach  
 Made in the Forts of all Society;



Of all celestially, and humane respects,  
 Makes no strengths of our bounties, counsailes armes,  
 Hold out against their treasons; and the rapes  
 Made of humanitie, and religion,  
 In all mens more then *Pagan* liberties,  
 Atheismes, and slauieries will deriue their springs  
 From their base Presidents, copied out of kings.  
 But all this, shall not make me breake the commerce,  
 Authorisde by our treaties; let your Armie  
 Take the directest passe, it shall goe safe.

*Amb.* So rest your highnesse euer; and assurde  
 That my true Soueraigne, lothes all opposite thoughts.

*Hen.* Are our dispatches made to all the kings,  
 Princes, and Potentates, of Christendome?  
 Ambassadors and Prouince gouernors,  
 T'enforme the truth of this conspiracie?

*Ian.* They all are made my Lord, and some giue out,  
 That 'tis a blow giuen to religion,  
 To weaken it, in ruining of him,  
 That said, he neuer wisht more glorious title,  
 Then to be call'd the scourge of *Hugenots*.

*Soiss.* Others that are like fauourers of the fault,  
 Said 'tis a politique aduise from *England*,  
 To breake the feared Iauelins, both together.

*Hen.* Such shut their eyes to truth, we can but set  
 His lights before them, and his trumpet sound  
 Close to their eares; their partiall wilfulnesse,  
 In resting blinde, and deafe, or in peruerting,  
 What the most certaine senses apprehend,  
 Shall naught discomfort our impartiall iustice.  
 Nor cleere the desperat fault that doth enforce it. *Enter Vyt.*

*Vyt.* The Peeres of *Franco* (my Lord) refuse t'appeare,  
 At the arraignment of the Duke *Byron*.

*Hen.* The Court may yet proceed; and so command it,  
 'Tis not their slacknesse to appeare shall serue,  
 To let my will t'appeare in any fact,  
 Wherein the boulddest of them, tempts my iustice.  
 I am resolu'd, and will no more endure,  
 To haue my subiects make what I command,



## BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

The subiect of their oppositions,  
Who euer more slack their allegiance,  
As kings forbear their pennance; how sustaine  
Your prisoners their strange durance?

*Vit.* One of them,  
(Which is the Count *D'Avuergne*) hath merry spirits,  
Eates well and sleepest: and neuer can imagine,  
That any place where he is, is a prison;  
Where on the other part, the Duke *Byron*,  
Enterd his prison, as into his graue,  
Reiects all food, sleepest not, nor once lyes downe:  
Furie hath arm'd his thoughts so thick with thornes,  
That rest can haue no entry: he disdaines  
To grace the prison with the splendest show,  
Of any patience, least men should conceiue,  
He thought his sufferance in the best sort fit;  
And holds his bands so worthlesse of his worth,  
That he empaires it, to vouchsafe to them,  
The best part of the peace, that freedom owes it:  
That patience therein, is a willing flauerie,  
And (like the Cammell) stoopes to take the load:  
So still he walkes: or rather as a Byrde,  
Enterd a Closet, which vnwares is made,  
His desperate prison (being pursude) amazd,  
And wrathfull beates his brest from wall to wall,  
Assaults the light strikes downe himselfe, not out,  
And being taken, struggles, gaspes, and bites,  
Takes all his takers strokings, to be strokes,  
Abhorreth food, and with a fauadge will,  
Frets, pines, and dyes, for former libertie.  
So fares the wrathfull Duke; and when the strength  
Of these dumbe rages, breake out into sounds,  
He breaths defiance, to the world, and bids vs,  
Make our selues drunke, with the remaining bloud  
Of five and thirty wounds receiud in fight,  
For vs and ours; for we shall neuer brag,  
That we haue made his spirits check at death:  
This rage in walkes and words; but in his lookes

He



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

He coments all: and prints a world of bookes,

*Hen.* Let others learne by him to curb their spleenes,  
Before they be curbd; and to cease their grudges:  
Now I am setled in my Sunne of height,  
The circular splendor, and full Sphere of State.  
Take all place vp from enuy: as the sunne,  
At height, and passiue ore the crownes of men,  
His beames diffusd, and downe-right pourd on them,  
Cast but alittle or no shade at all,  
So he that is aduanc'd aboue the heads,  
Of all his Emulators, with high light,  
Preuents their enuies, and deprives them quite,

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Chancellor, Harlay, Potiers, Fleury,  
in scarlet gownes, Laffin, Descures, with  
other officers of State.*

*Cha.* I wonder at the prisoners so long stay,

*Har:* I thinke it may be made a question,  
If his impacience will let him come.

*Pot.* Yes, he is now well stayd: Time and his Iudgment,  
Haue cast his passion and his feuer of.

*Fleu.* His feuer may be past, but for his passions,  
I feare me we shall find it spic'd to hotly,  
With his ould poulder.

*Des.* He is sure come forth;  
The Carosse of the Marquis of *Rhosny*  
Conducted him along to th' Arcenall,  
Close to the Riuer-side: and there I saw him,  
Enter a barge couered with Tapistry,  
In which the kings gards waited and receiued him.  
Stand by there cleere the place,

*Cha.* The prisoner comes.  
My Lord *Laffin* forbear your sight a while,  
It may incense the prisoner: who will know,  
By your attendance nere vs, that your hand,  
Was chiefe in his discouery; which as yet,  
I thinke he doth not doubt,

*Laf.* I will forbear,  
Till your good pleasures call me,

*Exit Laf.*

*Har.*



# BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

*Hen.* When he knowes  
And sees *Laffin*, accuse him to his face,  
The Court I thinke will shake with his distemper.

*Enter Vitry, Byron, with others and a garde.*

*Vit.* You see my Lord, 'tis in the golden chamber.

*Byr.* The golden chamber? where the greatest Kings  
Haue thought them honor'd to receiue a place;  
And I haue had it; am I come to stand  
In ranke and habite here of men arraignd,  
Where I haue sat assistant, and beene honord,  
With glorious title of the chiefeft vertuous,  
Where the Kings chiefe Solicitor hath said,  
There was in *France*, no man that euer liu'd,  
Whose parts were worth my imitation;  
That, but mine owne worth; I could imitate none;  
And that I made my selfe inimitable,  
To all that could come after; whom this Court  
Hath seene to sit vpon the Flower de Lice  
In recompence of my renowned seruice.  
Must I be sat on now, by petty Iudges?  
These Scarlet robes, that come to sit and fight  
Against my life; dismay my valure more,  
Then all the bloody Cassocks *Spaine* hath brought  
To field against it.

*Vit.* To the barre my Lord.

*He salutes, and stands  
to the barre.*

*Har.* Read the inditement.

*Chan.* Stay, I will inuert  
(For shortnesse sake) the forme of our proceedings,  
And out of all the points, the processe holds,  
Collect fise principall, with which we charge you.

1. First you conferd with one, cald *Picote*,  
At *Orleance* borne, and into *Flanders* fled,  
To hold intelligence by him with the Archduke,  
And for two voyages to that effect,  
Bestowd on him, fise hundred, fiftie crowncs.
2. Next you held treaty with the Duke of *Sanoy*,  
Without the Kings permission; offering him  
All seruice and assistance gainst all men,



In hope to haue in marriage, his third daughter.

3. Thirdly you held intelligence with the Duke,  
At taking in of *Bourge*, and other Forts;  
Aduising him, with all your preiudice,  
Gainst the Kings armie, and his royall person.

4. The fourth is; that you would haue brought the King,  
Before Saint *Katherines* Fort, to be there slaine:  
And to that end writ to the Gouvernor,  
In which you gaue him notes to know his highnesse.

5. Fiftly, you sent *Lassin* to treat with *Sanoy*,  
And with the Count *Fuentes*, of more plots,  
Touching the ruine of the King and realme.

*Byr.* All this (my Lord) I answer, and deny:  
And first for *Picote*; he was my prisoner,  
And therefore I might well conferre with him:  
But that our conference tended to the Arch-duke,  
Is nothing so; I onely did employ him  
To Captaine *La Fortune*, for the reduction  
Of *Seurre*, to the seruice of the King.  
Who vsd such speedy dilligence therein,  
That shortly 'twas assur'd his Maiestie,

2. Next, for my treaties with the Duke of *Sanoy*,  
*Roncas* his Secretarie, hauing made  
A motion to me, for the Dukes third daughter,  
I tolde it to the King; who hauing since,  
Giuen me the vnderstanding by *La Force*  
Of his dislike; I neuer dreamd of it.

3. Thirdly, for my intelligence with the Duke,  
Aduising him against his Highnesse armie:  
Had this beene true, I had not vndertaken  
Th' assault of *Bourg*, against the Kings opinion,  
Hauing assistance but by them about me:  
And (hauing wunne it for him) had not beene  
Put out of such a gouernment so easily.

4. Fourthly, for my aduise to kill the King;  
I would beseech his Highnesse memory,  
Not to let slip, that I alone diswaded  
His viewing of that Fort; informing him,



# BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

It had good marke-men; and he could not goe,  
But in exceeding danger, which aduise  
Diuercted him: the rather, since I said,  
That if he had desire to see the place  
He should receiue from me a Plot of it;  
Offering to take it with fiue hundred men,  
And I my selfe would go to the assault.

5. And lastly, for intelligences held,  
With *Sauoy* and *Fuentes*: I confesse,  
That being denyed to keepe the Cytadell,  
Which with incredible perill I had got,  
And seeing another, honor'd with my spoiles,  
I grew so desperate that I found my spirit,  
Enrag'd to any act, and wisht my selfe,  
Couer'd with blood.

*Chan.* With whose blood?

*Byr.* With mine owne;  
Wishing to liue no longer, being denyed,  
With such suspition of me, and set will,  
To rack my furious humor into blood.  
And for two moneths space, I did speake, and wright,  
More then I ought; but haue done euer well,  
And therefore your enformers haue beene false.  
And (with intent to tyranize) subornd.

*Flew.* What if our witnesses come face to face,  
And iustifie much more then we alledge?

*Byr.* They must be hyrelings then, and men corrupted.

*Pot.* What thinke you of *La Fin*?

*Byr.* I hold *La Fin*,  
An honor'd Gentleman, my friend and kinsman.

*Har.* If he then aggrauate, what we affirme,  
With greater accusations to your face,  
What will you say?

*Byr.* I know it cannot be.

*Chan.* Call in my Lord *La Fin*.

*Byr.* Is he so neere?

And kept so close from me? can all the world,  
Make him a treacher.

*Enter La Fin.*



# BYRONS TRAGEDY.

*Chan.* I suppose my Lord,  
You haue not stood within ; without the eare  
Of what hath heere beene vrgd against the Duke ;  
If you haue heard it, and vpon your knowledge  
Can witnesse all is true, vpon your soule ;  
Vtter your knowledge.

*Laffi.* I haue heard my Lord,  
All that hath past here ; and vpon my soule,  
( Being chargd so vrgently in such a Court )  
Vpon my knowledge I affirme all true ;  
And so much more : as had the prisoner liues  
As many as his yeares, would make all forsaite.

*Byr.* O all yee vertuous powers, in earth and heauen,  
That haue not put on hellish flesh and blood,  
From whence these monstrous issues are produc'd,  
That cannot beare in execrable concord,  
And one prodigious subiect ; contraries ;  
Nor (as the Ile that of the world admirede)  
Is seuerd from the world) can cut your selues  
From the consent and sacred hermonie  
Of life, yet liue ; of honor, yet be honord ;  
As this extrauagant, and errant roge,  
From all your faire *Decorums*, and iust lawes,  
Findes powre to doe : and like a lothesome wen,  
Sticks to the face of nature, and this Court ;  
Thicken this ayre, and turne your plagueie rage,  
Into a shape as dismall as his sinne.  
And with some equall horror teare him of  
From sight and memory : let not such a court,  
To whose fame all the Kings of Christendome,  
Now laid their eares ; so crack her royall Trumpe,  
As to sound through it, that here wanted iustice  
Was got in such an incest : is it iustice  
To tempt, and witch a man, to breake the law,  
And by that witch condemne him ? let me draw  
Poison into me with this cursed ayre,  
If he bewicht me, and transformd me not ;  
He bit me by the eare, and made me drinke

Enchan.



## BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Enchanted waters ; let me see an Image  
That vtterd these distinct words ; *Thou shalt dye,*  
*O wicked King* ; and if the diuill gaue him  
Such powre vpon an Image ; vpon me  
How might he tyrannize ? that by his vowes  
And othes so Stygian , had my Nerues and will,  
In more awe then his owne: what man is he  
That is so high , but he would higher be ?  
So roundly sighted, but he may be found,  
To haue a blinde side, which by craft, persude,  
Confederacie, and simply trusted treason,  
May wrest him past his Angell, and his reason ?

*Chan.* Witchcraft can neuer taint an honest minde.

*Harl.* True gold, will any triall stand, vntoucht.

*Pot.* For coulours that will staine when they are tryed,  
The cloth it selfe is euer cast aside.

*Byr.* Some-times, the very Glosse in any thing,  
Will seeme a staine; the fault not in the light,  
Nor in the guilty obiect, but our sight.  
My glosse, raisd from the richnesse of my stufte,  
Had too much splendor for the Owly eye,  
Of politique and thanklesse royaltie:  
I did deserue too much ; a plurisie  
Of that blood in me is the cause I dye.  
Vertue in great men must be small and sleight:  
For poore starres rule, where she is exquisite,  
Tis tyrannous, and impious policie,  
To put to death by fraude and trecherie ;  
Sleight is then royall, when it makes men liue,  
And if it vrge faults, vrgeth to forgiue.  
He must be guiltlesse, that condemnes the guiltie,  
Like things, do nourish like, and not destroy them:  
Mindes must be found, that iudge affaires of weight,  
And seeing hands, cut corosiues from your sight.  
A Lord intelligencer ? hangman-like,  
Thrust him from humane fellowship, to the desarts  
Blowe him with curses ; shall your iustice call  
Treacherie her Father ? would you wish her weigh



# BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

My valure with the hisse of such a viper?  
 What I haue done to shunne the mortall shame,  
 Of so vniust an opposition;  
 My enuious starres cannot deny me this,  
 That I may make my Iudges witnessess;  
 And that my wretched fortunes haue reseru'd  
 For my last comfort; yee all know (my Lords)  
 This body gasht with fīue and thirty wounds,  
 Whose life and death you haue in your award,  
 Holds not a veine that hath not opened beene,  
 And which I would not open yet againe,  
 For you and yours; this hand that writ the lines  
 Alledgd against me; hath enacted still,  
 More good then there it onely talkt of ill.  
 I must confesse my choller hath transferd  
 My tender spleene to all intemperate speech:  
 But reason euer did my deeds attend.  
 In worth of praise, and imitation,  
 Had I borne any will to let them loose,  
 I could haue flesht them with bad seruices,  
 In *England* lately, and in *Switzerland*:  
 There are a hundred Gentlemen by name,  
 Can witnessse my demeanure in the first;  
 And in the last Ambassage I adiure  
 No other testimonies then the Seigneurs  
*D<sup>e</sup> Vic*, and *Sillerie*; who amply know,  
 In what sort, and with what fidelitie  
 I bore my selfe; to reconcile and knit,  
 In one desire so many wills disioynde,  
 And from the Kings allegiance quite with-drawne.  
 My acts askt many men, though done by one.  
 And I were but one, I stood for thousands,  
 And still I hold my worth, though not my place:  
 Nor sleight me, Iudges, though I be but one,  
 One man, in one sole expedition,  
 Reduc'd into th'imperiall powre of *Rome*,  
*Armenia*, *Pontus*, and *Arabia*,      *Syria*, *Albania*, and *Iberia*;  
 Conquerd th'*Hircanians*; and to *Caucasus*,  
 His arme extended; the *Nurnidians*

And



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

And *Affrick* to the shores Meridionall,  
 His powre subiected; and that part of *Spaine*  
 Which stood from those parts that *Sertorius* rulde,  
 Euen to the *Atlantique* Sea he conquered.  
 Th' *Albanian* kings, he from the kingdoms chac'd,  
 And at the *Caspian* Sea, their dwellings plac'd:  
 Of all the Earths globe, by powre and his aduice,  
 The round-eyd Ocean saw him victor thrice:  
 And what shall let me (but your cruell doome,)  
 To adde as much to *France*, as he to *Rome*,  
 And to leaue Iustice neither Sword nor word,  
 To vse against my life; this Senate knowes,  
 That what with one victorious hand I tooke,  
 I gaue to all your vses, with another:  
 With this I tooke, and propt the falling kingdome,  
 And gaue it to the King: I haue kept  
 Your lawes of state from fire; and you your selues,  
 Fixt in this high Tribunall; from whose height  
 The vengefull Saturnals of the League  
 Had hurld yee head-long; doe yee then returne  
 This retribution? can the cruell King,  
 The kingdome, lawes, and you, (all sau'd by me)  
 Destroy their sauer? what (aye me) I did  
 Aduerse to this; this damnd Enchanter did,  
 That tooke into his will, my motion;  
 And being banck-route both of wealth and worth,  
 Pursued with quarrels, and with suites in law;  
 Feard by the kingdome; threatned by the king;  
 Would raise the loathed dung-hill of his ruines,  
 Vpon the monumentall heape of mine:  
 Torne with possessed whirle-winds may he dye,  
 And dogs barke at his murtherous memory,

*Chan.* My Lord, our liberall sufferance of your speech,  
 Hath made it late; and for this Session,  
 We will dismisse you; take him back my Lord. *Exit Vit. &*

*Har.* You likewise may depart. *Exit Laffin.* *Byron.*

*Chan.* What resteth now  
 To be decreed gainst this great prisoner?  
 A mighty merit, and a monstrous crime,

Are



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Are here concurrent; what by witnesses;  
 His letters and instructions, we haue prou'd  
 Himselfe confesseth, and excuseth all  
 With witch-craft, and the onely act of thought.  
 For witch-craft I esteeme it a meere strength  
 Of rage in him conceiu'd gainst his accuser;  
 Who being examin'd hath denied it all;  
 Suppose it true, it made him false; But wills  
 And worthy mindes, witch-craft can neuer force.  
 And for his thoughts that brake not into deeds;  
 Time was the cause, not will; the mindes free act  
 In treason still is Iudgd as th' outward fact.  
 If his deserts haue had a wealthy share,  
 In sauing of our land from ciuill furies:  
*Manlius* had so that fast the Capitoll;  
 Yet for his after traiterous factions,  
 They threw him head-long from the place he sau'd.  
 My definite sentence then, doth this import:  
 That we must quench the wilde-fire with his bloud,  
 In which it was so traiterously inflam'd;  
 Vnlesse with it, we seeke to incence the land,  
 The King can haue no refuge for his life,  
 If his be quitted: this was it that made  
*Lewis* th' eleuenth renounce his countrymen,  
 And call the valiant *Scots* out of their kingdome,  
 To vse their greater vertues, and their faiths,  
 Then his owne subiects, in his royall garde:  
 What then conclude your censures?

*Omnes.* He must dye.

*Chan.* Draw then his sentence, formally, and send him;  
 And so all treasons in his death attend him. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Byron, Espernon, Soisson, Ianin,  
 Vidame, Descures.*

*Vit.* I ioy you had so good a day my Lord.

*Byr.* I wone it from them all: the Chancellor  
 I answerd to his vttermost improuements:  
 I mou'd my other Iudges to lament  
 My insolent misfortunes; and to lothe



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

The pockie soule, and state-bawde, my accuser,  
 I made reple to all that could be said,  
 So eloquently, and with such a charme,  
 Of graue enforcements, that me thought I sat,  
 Like *Orpheus* casting reignes on sauage beasts;  
 At the armes end (as twere) I tooke my barre  
 And set it farre about the high tribunall,  
 Where like a Cedar on Mount Lebanon,  
 I Grew, and made my iudges show like Box-trees;  
 And Boxtrees right, their wishes would haue made them,  
 Whence boxes should haue growne, till they had strooke  
 My head into the budget: but ahlas,  
 I held their bloody armes, with such strong reasons;  
 And (by your leaue) with such a iyrck of wit:  
 That I fetcht bloud vpon the Chancelors cheekes,  
 Me thinkes I see his countenance as he sat;  
 And the most lawierly deliuary  
 Of his set speeches: shall I play his part?

*Enter Soiff: Esp:*

*Esp:* For heauens sake, good my Lord.

*Byr.* I will ifaith,  
 Behold a wicked man: A man debaucht,  
 A man, contesting with his King; A man,  
 On whom (my Lords) we are not to conuiue,  
 Though we may condole: A man:  
 That *Lesa Maiestate*, sought a lease,  
 Of *Plus quam satis*. A man that *vi et armis*  
 Assaild the King; and would *per fas et nefas*,  
 Aspire the kingdome: here was lawiers learning.

*Esp:* He said not this my Lord, that I haue heard.

*Byr.* This or the like, I sweare. I pen no speeches.

*Soiff.* Then there is good hope of your wisht acquitall.

*Byr.* Acquitall? they haue reason; were I dead  
 I know they can not all supply my place;  
 Ist possible the King should be so vaine,  
 To thinke he can shake me with feare of death?  
 Or make me apprehend that he intends it?  
 Thinkes he to make his firmest men, his clowds?  
 The clowdes (observing their Aeriall natures)  
 Are borne aloft, and then to moisture hang'd,



# BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Fall to the earth ; where being made thick, and cold,  
They loose both al their heate, and leuitie ;  
Yet then againe recouering heate and lightnesse,  
Againe they are aduanc't : and by the Sunne  
Made fresh and glorious ; and since clowdes are rapt  
With these vncertainties : now vp, now downe,  
Am I to flit so with his smile, or froune ?

*Esop.* I wish your comforts, and incoradgments,  
May spring out of your fastie ; but I heare  
The King hath reasond so against your life,  
And made your most friends yeeld so to his reasons,  
That your estate is fearefull.

*Byr.* Yeeldt' his reasons ?  
O how friends reasons, and their freedoms stretch,  
When powre sets his wide tenters to their sides !  
How, like a cure, by mere opinion,  
It workes vpon our bloud ? like th' antient Gods  
Are *Moderne* Kings, that liu'd past bounds themselues,  
Yet set a measure downe, to wretched men :  
By many Sophismes, they made good, deceit ;  
And, since they past in powre, surpast, in right :  
When Kings wills passe ; the starres winck, and the Sunne,  
Suffers eclips : rude thunder yeelds to them  
His horrid wings : sits sinoothe as glasse engazd,  
And lightning flicks twixt heauen and earth amazd :  
Mens faiths are shaken : and the pit of truth  
O'reflowes with darkenesse, in which Iustice sits,  
And keepes her vengeance tied to make it fierce ;  
And when it comes, th' encreased horrors shoue,  
Heauens plague is sure, though full of state, and slowe :

*Sist.* O my deare Lord and brother,  
O the Duke ?

*Byr.* What sounds are these my Lord ? hark, hark, me thinks  
I heare the cries of people.

*Esop.* Tis for one,  
Wounded in fight here at Saint *Anthones* Gate :

*Byr.* Sfoote, one cried the Duke : I pray harken,  
Again, or burst your selues with silence, no :  
What contriman's the common headsmen here ?

*Soff.*



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

*Swiss.* He's a Bourgonian.

*Byr.* The great deuill he is,  
The bitter wizerd told me, a Burgonian,  
Should be my headsman; strange concurrences:  
S' death whose here? *Enter 4. Ushers bare, Chanc: Har: Pot:*  
O then I am but dead, *Fleur: Vit: Pralin, with others.*  
Now, now ye come all to pronounce my sentence.  
I am condemn'd vniustly: tell my kinsfolkes,  
I die an innocent:  
If any friend pittie the ruine of the States sustainer  
Proclaime my innocence; ah Lord Chancelor,  
Is there no pardon? will there come no mercie?  
I, put your hat on, and let me stand bare,  
Showe your selfe right a Lawier.

*Chan.* I am bare,  
What would you haue me do?

*Byr.* You haue not done,  
Like a good iustice; and one that knew  
He sat vpon the precious bloud of vertue;  
Y' aue pleas'd the cruell King, and haue not borne,  
As great regard to saue as to condemne;  
You haue condemn'd me, my Lord Chancelor,  
But God acquites me; he will open lay  
All your close treasons against him, to collour  
Treasons layd to his truest images;  
And you my Lord shall answere this iniustice,  
Before his iudgement seate: to which I summon  
In one yeare and a daie your hot apparance;  
I goe before, by mens corrupted domes;  
But they that caus'd my death, shall after come  
By the imaculate iustice of the highest.

*Chan.* Well, good my Lord, commend your soule to him,  
And to his mercie, thinke of that, I pray.

*Byr.* Sir, I haue thought of it, and euery howre,  
Since my affliction, askt on naked knees  
Patience to beare your vnbeleeu'd Iniustice:  
But you, nor none of you haue thought of him,  
In my euiction: y' are come to your benches,  
With plotted iudgements; your linckt cares so lowd,



# BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Sing with preiudicate windes, that nought is heard,  
Of all, pore prisoners vrge gainst your award;

*Har.* Passion, my Lord, transports your bitternes,  
Beyond all collour; and your proper iudgement:  
No man hath knowne your merits more then I;  
And would to God your great misdeds had beene,  
As much vndone, as they haue beene concealde;  
The cries of them for iustice (in desert)  
Haue beene so lowd and piercing; that they deafned  
The eares of mercie; and haue labord more,  
Your Iudges to compresse then to enforce them.

*Pot.* We bring you here your sentence, will you reade it.

*Byr.* For heauens sake, shame to vse me with such rigor;  
I know what it imports, and will not haue,  
Mine eare blowne into flames with hearing it;  
Haue you beene one of them that haue condemn'd me?

*Flen.* My Lord I am your Orator: God comfort you.

*Byr.* Good Sir, my father lou'd you so entirely,  
That if you haue beene one, my soule forgives you;  
It is the King (most childish that he is  
That takes what he hath giuen) that iniures me:  
He gaue grace in the first draught of my fault,  
And now restaines it: grace againe I aske;  
Let him againe vouchsafe it: send to him,  
A post will soone returne: the Queene of England,  
Told me that if the wilfull Earle of Essex,  
Had vsd submission, and but askt her mercie,  
She would haue giuen it, past resumption;  
She (like a gracious Princessse) did desire  
To pardon him: euen as she praid to God,  
He would let doune a pardon vnto her;  
He yet was guiltie, I am innocent:  
He still refusd grace, I importune it.

*Chan.* This askt in time (my Lord) while he besought it,  
And ere he had made his seuerity knowne,  
Had (with much ioye to him) I know beene granted;

*Byr.* No, no, his bountie, then was misery,  
To offer when he knew twould be refusd;

He



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

He treads the vulgar pathes of all aduantage,  
 And loues men, for his vices, nor for their vertues;  
 My seruice would haue quickn'd gratitude,  
 In his owne death, had he beene truely royall;  
 It would haue stirr'd the image of a King,  
 Into perpetuall motion ; to haue stood  
 Neere the conspiracie retraind at Mantes;  
 And in a danger, that had then the Woulfe,  
 To flie vpon his bosome, had I onely held  
 Intelligence with the conspirators;  
 Who stuck at no check but my loyaltie,  
 Nor kept life in their hopes, but in my death;  
 The seege of Amiens, would haue softned rocks,  
 Where couer'd all in showers of shot and fire,  
 I seem'd to all mens eyes a fighting flame  
 With bullets cut, in fashion of a man;  
 A sacrifice to valure (impious King).  
 Which he will needes extinguish, with my bloud;  
 Let him beware, iustice will fall from heauen,  
 In the same forme I serued in that seege,  
 And by the light of that, he shall decerne,  
 What good, my ill hath brought him ; it will nothing,  
 Assure his State : the same quench he hath cast  
 Vpon my life, shall quite put out his fame;  
 This day he looseth, what he shall not finde,  
 By all daies he suruiues ; so good a seruant,  
 Nor Spaine so great a foe ; with whom, ahlas,  
 Because I treated am I put to death?  
 Tis put a politique glose: my courage rais'd me,  
 For the deare price of five and thirtie skarres,  
 And that hath ruin'd me, I thanke my Starres:  
 Come ile goe where yee will, yee shall not lead me.

*Chan.* I feare his frenzie,  
 Neuer saw I man of such a spirit so amaz'd at death.

*Har.* He alters euery minute : what a vapor?  
 The strongest minde is to a storme of crosses. *Exeunt.*

*Manent Esper: Soisson: Ianin: Vidame, D'escures.*

*Esp:* O of what contraries consists a man!  
 Of what impossible mixtures? vice and vertue,



# BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Corruption, and eternnesse, at one time,  
 And in one subject, let together, looffe?  
 We haue not any strength but weakens vs,  
 No greatnes but doth crush vs into ayre.  
 Our knowledges, do light vs but to erre,  
 Our Ornaments are Burthens: Our delightss  
 Are our tormentors; fiendes that (raisd in feares)  
 At parting shake our Roofes about our eares.

*Soi.* O vertue, thou art now farre worse then Fortune!  
 Her gifts sticke by the Duke, when thine are vanisht,  
 Thou brau'lt thy friend in Neede: Necessity,  
 That vsd to keepethy welth, contempt, thy loue,  
 Haue both abandond thee in his extreames,  
 Thy powers are shadowes, and thy comfort, dreames,

*Vid.* O reall goodnesse if thou be a power!  
 And not a word alone, in humane vses,  
 Appere out of this angry conflagration,  
 Where this great Captaine (thy late Temple) burns,  
 And turne his vicious fury to thy flame,  
 From all earths hopes mere guilded with thy fame:  
 Let pietie enter with her willing crosse,  
 And take him on it; ope his brest and armes,  
 To all the Storms, Necessity can breath,  
 And burst them all with his embraced death,

*Ian,* Yet are the ciuile tumults of his spirits,  
 Hot and outragiouse: not resolued, *Ahlas,*  
 (Being but one man) render the kingdomes dome;  
 He doubts, stormes, threatens, rues, complains, implores,  
 Griefe hath brought all his forces to his lookes,  
 And nought is left to strengthen him within,  
 Nor lasts one habite of those greeu'd aspects:  
 Blood expells palenesse, palenes Blood doth chace,  
 And sorrow errs through all forms in his face,

*Des.* So furieuse is he, that the Politique law,  
 Is much to seeke, how to enact her sentence:  
 Authoriy backt with arms, (though he vnarind)  
 Abhorrs his furie, and with doubtfull eyes,  
 Views on what ground it should sustaine his ruines,

And



# BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

And as a *Sanadge* Bore that(hunted longe,  
 Assayld and set vp)with his onely eyes,  
 Swimming in fire keepes of the baying hounds,  
 Though suncke himselfe,yet houlds his anger vp,  
 And snowes it forth in foame;houlds firme his stand,  
 Of Battalouse *Bristles* : feedes his hate to die,  
 And whets his tuskes with wrathfull maiesty.  
 So fares the furious Duke,and with his lookes,  
 Doth teach death horrors;makes the hangman learne  
 New habites for his bloody impudence;  
 Which now habituall horror from him driues,  
 Who for his life shunns death,by which he liues,

*Enter Chauncellor, Harlay, Potier, Fleury, Vitry.*

*Vit.* Will not your Lordshippe haue the Duke distinguisht  
 From other prisoners?where the order is,  
 To giue vp men condemnd into the hands  
 Of th' executioner;he would be the death,  
 Of him that he should die by,ere he sufferd,  
 Such an abiection,

*Cha.* But to bind his hands,  
 I hold it passing needefull,

*Har.* Tis my Lord,  
 And very dangerous to bring him loose.

*Pra:* You will in all dispaire and fury plunge him,  
 If you but offer it.

*Pot.* My Lord by this,  
 The prisoners Spirit is some-thing pacified,  
 And tis a feare that th'offer of those bands;  
 Wou'd breed fresh furies in him,and disturbe,  
 The entry of his soule into her peace,

*Cha.* I would not that,for any possible danger,  
 That can be wrought,by his vnarmed hands;  
 And therefore in his owne forme bring him in;

*Enter Byron, a Bishop or two;with all the guards,  
 sou'diers with muskets.*

*Byr.* Where shall this weight fall?on what rhegion,  
 Must this declining prominent poure his lode?  
 Ile breake my bloods high billows gainst my starrs,  
 Before this hill be shooke into a flat,



# BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

All France shall feele an earthquake; with what murmur,  
This world shrinkes into Chaos?

*Arch.* Good my Lord,  
Forgoe it willingly; and now resigne,  
Your sensuall powers entirely to your soule.

*Byr.* Horror of death, let me alone in peace,  
And leaue my soule to me, whome it concernes;  
You haue no charge of it; I feele her free,  
How she doth rowze, and like a Faulcon stretch  
Her siluer wings; as threatening death, with death;  
At whom I ioyfully will cast her off:  
I know this bodie but a sinck of folly,  
The ground-work, and rais'd frame of woe and frailtie:  
The bond, and bundle of corruption;  
A quick corse, onely sensible of grieve,  
A walking sepulcher, or household thiefe:  
A glasse of ayre, broken with lesse then breath,  
A slaue bound face to face, to death, til death:  
And what sayd all you more? I know, besides  
That life is but a darke and stormy night,  
Of sencelesse dreames, terrors, and broken sleepes;  
A Tyranie, deuising paines to plague  
And make man long in dying, racks his death;  
And death is nothing, what can you say more?  
I bring a long Globe, and a little earth,  
Am seated like earth betwixt both the heauens:  
That if I rise; to heauen I rise; if fall  
I likewise fall to heauen; what stronger faith,  
Hath any of your soules? what say you more?  
Why lose I time in these things? talke of knowledge,  
It serues for inward vse. I will not die  
Like to a Clergie man; but like the Captaine,  
That prayd on horse-back and with sword in hand,  
Threatend the Sunne, commanding it to stand;  
These are but ropes of sand.

*Chan.* Desire you then,  
To speake with any man?

*Byr.* I would speake with *La Force*, and *Saint Blancart*.  
*Vyt.*



*Byr.* Do they flie me?

Where is *Prenest*, controwler of my house?

*Pra.* Gone to his house ith countrie three daies since.

*Byr.* He should haue stayd here, he keepes all my blancks;

O all the world forsakes me! wretched world,

Consisting most of parts, that flie each other:

A firmnesse, breeding all inconstancy,

A bond of all disiunction; like a man

Long buried, is a man that long hath liu'd;

Touch him, he falls to ashes; for one fault,

I forfeite all the fashion of a man;

Why should I keepe my soule in this dark light?

Whose black beames lighted me to loose my selfe.

When I haue lost my armes, my fame, my winde,

Friends, brother, hopes, fortunes, and euen my furie?

O happie were the man, could liue alone,

To know no man, nor be of any knowne!

*Har.* My Lord, it is the manner once againe

To read the sentence?

*Byr.* Yet more sentences?

How often will yee make me suffer death?

As yee were proud to heare your powreful domes?

I know and feele you were the men that gaue it,

And die most cruellie to heare so often

My crimes and bitter condemnation vrdg'd:

Suffize it, I am brought here; and obey,

And that all here are priuie to the crimes.

*Chan.* It must be read my Lord, no remedie.

*Byr.* Reade, if it must be, then, and I must talke.

*Harl.* The proceffe being extraordinarily made and examin'd by the Court, and chambers assembled----

*Byr.* Condemn'd for depositions of a witch?

The common deposition, and her whoore

To all whorish periuries and treacheries.

Sure he cal'd vp the diuill in my spirits,

And made him to vsurpe my faculties:

Shall I be cast away now he's cast out?

What Iustice is in this? deare countrey-men,

**R**

**Take**



Take this true euidence, betwixt heauen and you,  
And quit me in your hearts.

*Cha.* Go on.

*Har.* Against *Charles Gontalt* of *Byron*: knight of both the orders; Duke of *Byron*, peere and marshall of *France*; Gouvernor of *Burgondy*, accus'd of treason in a sentence was giuen the 22. of this month, condemning the said Duke of *Byron* of heigh treason, for his direct conspiracies against the kings person; enterprises against his state.

*Byr.* That is most false; let me for euer be,  
Deprived of heauen, as I shall be of earth,  
If It be true: knowe worthy country-men,  
These two and twenty moneths I haue bene clere,  
Of all atempts against the king and state.

*Har.* Treaties and trecheries with his Enemies, being marshall of the Kings army, for reparation of which crimes they deprived him of all his estates, honors and dignities, and condemned him to lose his head vpon a Scaffold at the Greau

*Byr.* The Greau? had that place stood for my dispatch  
I had not yeelded; all your forces should not,  
Stire me one foote; wild horses should haue drawne,  
My body peece-meale, eare you all had brought me.

*Har.* Declaring all his goods moueable and in moueable  
whatsoeuer to be confiscate to the King: the Signeury of  
*Byron* to loose the title of Duchy and Peere for euer.

*Byr.* Now is your forme contented,

*Cha.* I my Lord

And I must now entreat you to deliuer,  
Your order vp, the king demands it of you.

*Byr.* And I restore it, with my vow of fasty,  
In that world, where both he and I are one,  
I neuer brake the oth I tooke to take it,

*Cha.* We'l now my Lord wee'l take our latest leaues,  
Beseeching heauen to take as clere from you,  
All sence of torment in your willing death:  
All loue and thought of what you must leaue here,  
As when you shall aspire heauens highest sphere,

*Byr.* Thankes to your Lordship and let me pray to,  
That you will hold good censure of my life,



# BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

By the cleere witnesse of my soule in death,  
That I haue neuer past act gainst the King,  
Which if my faith had let me vndertake,  
They had bene three yeares since, amongst the dead;

*Harl:* Your soule shall finde his safety in her owne,  
Call the executioner:

*Byr:* Good sir I pray,  
Go after and beseech the Chancellor  
That he will let my body be interr'd,  
Amongst my predecessors at *Byron*:

*Desc:* I go my Lord: *Exit.*

*Byr:* Go, go? can all go thus? you stand, and I go  
And no man come with comfort? farewell world:  
He is at no end of his actions blest,  
Whose ends will make him greatest, and not best;  
They tread no ground, but ride in ayre on stormes,  
That follow State, and hunt their empty formes;  
Who see not that they Valleys of the world,  
Make euen right with the Mountains? that they grow  
Greene, and lye warmer; and euer peacefull are,  
When Clowdes spit fire at Hilles; and burne them bare?  
Not Valleys part; but we should imitate Streames,  
That run below the Valleys; and do yeld  
To euery Mole-hill; euery Banke imbrace  
That checks their Currants; and when Torrents come,  
That swell and raise them past their naturall height,  
How madde they are, and trubld? like low straines  
With Torrents crownd, are men with Diademes;

*Vit:* My Lord tis late; wilt please you to go vp?

*Byr:* Vp? tis a faire preferment, ha ha ha,  
There should go showtes to vp-shots; not a breath  
Of any mercy, yet? come, since we must;  
Whose this?

*Pral:* The executioner, my Lord;

*Byr:* Death slaue, downe, or by the blood that moues me  
Ile plucke thy throat out; goe, Ile call you straight,  
Hold boy; and this, *Hang:* Soft boy ile barre you that

*Byr:* Take this then, yet I pray thee, that a gaine



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

I do not ioy in sight of such a Pageant  
As presents death; Though this life haue a curſſe;  
Tis better then another that is worſe;

*Arch:* My Lord, now you are blinde to this worlds ſight,  
Looke vpward to a world of endles light;

*Byr:* I, I, you talke of vpward ſtill to others,  
And downwards looke, with headlong eyes your ſelues.  
Now come you vp ſir; But not touch me yet;  
Where ſhall I be now?

*Hang:* Heere my Lord;

*Byr:* Wheres that?

*Hang:* There, there, my Lord;

*Byr:* And where, ſlaue, is that there?  
Thou ſeeſt I ſee not? yet I ſpeake as I ſaw;  
Well, now iſt fit?

*Hang:* Kneele, I beſeech your Grace,  
That I may do mine office with moſt order;

*Byr:* Do it, and if at one blow thou art ſhort,  
Giue one and thirty, Ile indure them all.  
Hold; ſtay alittle; comes there yet no mercy?  
High Heauen curſe theſe exemplarie proceedings,  
When Juſtice failes, they ſacrifize our example;

*Hang:* Let me beſeech you, I may cut your haire;

*Byr:* Out vgly Image of my cruell Juſtice;  
Yet wilt thou be before me, ſtay my will,  
Or by the will of Heauen Ile ſtrangle thee;

*Vit:* My Lord you make to much of this your body,  
Which is no more your owne;

*Byr:* Nor is it yours;  
Ile take my death, with all the horride rites  
And repreſentments, of the dread it merits;  
Let tame Nobilitie, and nummed fooles  
That apprehend not what they vndergo,  
Be ſuch exemplarie, and formall ſheepe;  
I will not haue him touch me, till I will;  
If you will needs racke me beyond my reaſon,  
Hell take me, but Ile ſtrangle halfe that here,  
And force the reſt to kill me. Ile kape downe



BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

If but once more they tempt me to dispaire;  
You wish my quiet, yet giue cause of fury:  
Thinke you to set rude windes vpon the Sea,  
Yet keepe it calme? or cast me in a sleepe,  
With shaking of my chaines about myne cares?  
O honest Soldiers, you haue seene me free,  
From any care, of many thousand deaths!  
Yet, of this one, the manner doth amaze me,  
View, view, this wounded bosome, how much bound  
Should that man make me, that would shoote it through;  
Is it not pittie I should lose my life,  
By such a bloody and infamous stroake?

*Soldi:* Now by thy spirit, and thy better Angell,  
If thou wert cleere, the Continent of France,  
Would shrinke beneath the burthen of thy death,  
Ere it would beare it;

*Vit:* Whose that?

*Soldi:* I say well:

And cleere your Iustice, here is no ground shrinks,  
If he were cleere it would: And I say more,  
Clere, or not cleere, If he with all his foulnessse,  
Stood here in one Skale, and the Kings chiefe Mynion,  
Stood in another, here: Put here a pardon,  
Here lay a royall gift, this, this, in merit,  
Should hoysse the other Mynion into ayre:

*Vit:* Hence with that franticke:

*Byr:* This is some poore witnes  
That my desert, might haue out-weighed my forfeit:  
But danger, hauntes desert, when he is Greatest;  
His hearty ills, are prou'd out of his glaunces,  
And Kings suspicions, needes no Ballances;  
So her's a most decreetall end of me:  
VWhich I desire, in me, may end my wrongs;  
Cominend my loue, I charge you, to my brothers,  
And by my loue, and misery command them,  
To keepe their faiths that bind them to the King,  
And proue no stomakers of my misfortunes;  
Nor come to Court, till time hath eaten out,



# BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

The blots , and skarres of my opprobrious death;  
 And tell the Earle, my deare friend of *D' Auergne*,  
 That my death vtterly were free from grieve,  
 But for the sad losse of his worthy friendship;  
 And if I had beene made for longer life,  
 I would haue more deseru'd him in my seruice,  
 Besceching him to know I haue not vsde  
 One word in my arraignment; that might touch him,  
 Had I no other want then so ill meaning:  
 And so farewell for euer: neuer more  
 Shall any hope of my reuiuall see mee;  
 Such is the endlesse exile of dead men.  
 Summer succeeds the spring; *Autumne* the Summer,  
 The Frosts of Winter, the faine leaues of *Autumne*:  
 All these, and all fruites in them yearely fade,  
 And euery yeare returne : but cursed man,  
 Shall neuer more renew, his vanisht face;  
 Fall on your knees, then Statists ere yee fall,  
 That you may rise againe : knees bent too late,  
 Stick you in earth like statues: see in me  
 How you are powr'd downe from your cleereft heauens;  
 Fall lower yet : mixt with th' vnmoued center,  
 That your owne shadowes may no longer mocke yee.  
 Stricke, stricke, O stricke;  
 Flie, flie commanding soule,  
 And on thy wings for this thy bodies breath,  
 Beare the eternall victory of death.

FINIS.























